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ABSTRACT

"Pleiades" is a new journal, intended to appear annually, with publication scheduled for February. This is the first edition; it is unnumbered. Designed as a staff development activity, "Pleiades" is intended to contain writings and art authored and edited by the faculty and staff of the University of Hawaii Community Colleges. This first issue includes: (1) "Menehune Fish Pond," a pen and ink drawing by Waihang Lai; (2) "E Ku, E Nana i na Kai 'E," a chant by Keith Kalani Akana; (3) "On Naming the Journal of the University of Hawai'i Community Colleges Pleiades," by Rebekah Luke; (4) "Fillmore's Barn," a short story by Anthony Russo; (5) "Japanese Culture: A View by Shigemi Goto," translated by Ruth Adaniya; (6) "The Classroom," a poem by Elizabeth Young; (7) "Saying the Unsayable," an essay by Michael Molloy; (8) "Forward Progress: The Progressive Era Reforming Impulse and the Transformation of College Football," by Douglas Dykstra; (9) "My Chinese Girl," a poem by John Conner; (10) "The Songs of Sappho Revisited," by Bethany L. Thomas; (11) "Wailua Falls," a pen and ink drowing by Waihang Lai; (12) "The Last of the O opus?," a short story by Amadeo S. Timbol; and (13) A review by John Conner of Allan Bloom's book "The Closure of the American Mind". (EJV)

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ED 294 645

PLEIADES

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI'I
COMMUNITY COLLEGES

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University of Hawaii Office of the Chancellor for Community Colleges
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The opinions expressed in the contents of this journal are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the University of Hawaii.

Preface

What a challenge to teach and work in a community college! It is the first two undergraduate years toward a baccalaureate degree, the training for professional trades and technology, and the training for business and the community that we teach.

We all begin our professions with the enthusiasm and the intellectual curiosity that is part of the feeling of being alive. Afterwards, when we have taught the first year of our subject semester after semester, and then often include the teaching of basic reading, writing, and computation skills that are necessary for our students to learn our particular discipline, our creativity may wane. The nature of our daily work in the community colleges threatens to douse our creative fires which, unless sparked again, can become extinguished.

This journal *Pleiades* means to celebrate the intellectualism and creativity of the faculty and staff of the University of Hawaii Community Colleges, helping to rekindle the spark and bring out latent interests and talents and the essence of what makes our members such a special group. It is a collection of writings and art authored and edited by the faculty and staff. It is an exciting staff development activity at our colleges.

There is always something special about being the first. For this first edition of *Pleiades*, the editorial board realized the range of our faculty and staff, and so it invited works for general audiences, for as a whole book the journal is to reflect who we are. Especially welcomed were pieces of a scholarly nature and of original thought. Tough yet compassionate in its standards, the editorial board decided on the journal's contents from a blind reading of the manuscripts.

The result is a surprising freshness, and unsurprisingly, a rich breadth. With the turn of each page you will find a different experience, a pleasing variety, which is characteristic of the community colleges of Hawaii indeed.

If you are a member of our faculty and staff I encourage you to join the forum as an author in future editions; editorial information is elsewhere in the journal. *Pleiades* can turn our creative sparks into a beautifully roaring fire. If you are a friend of the community colleges, welcome to *Pleiades*.

Joyce S. Tsunoda
Chancellor for Community Colleges
University of Hawaii

"Manehuna Fish Pond"

An Ink Drawing by Waihong Lai

E Kū, E Nānā i nā Kai ʻĒ

***The author** wrote and performed this chant for the historic arrival of the Hawaiian double-hulled canoe Hokuleʻa upon her return to Kualoa State Park, Oahu, in May, 1987, from the two-year Voyage of Rediscovery throughout Polynesia.*

By Keith Kalani Akana

E kū, e nānā i nā kai ʻē
I ka lepa a ka lei me he manu lā
I Kahiki Kū, Kahiki Moe, Kahiki Nui
Kahiki Mamao
Eia aʻe ka waʻa holo
He waʻa ʻimi ola
He hoʻālahia ka waʻa i ke kakahiaka
O kā i ka hoe e nā koa e paio ana
No Hawaiʻi, no ke aupuni
Eia ka lawe wai, he kaʻapeha
ʻO ia ka hōʻailona ē.

Ua lana ka waʻa i Kahiki
Honi mai nei ka ihu
He nui nō ka puaʻi hou i ke one
Me Kahaʻi ka ʻimina makua
ʻOʻoe kā hoʻi ka hope loa
Ma mua o ka hiapo
No hea mai nā lālākoʻa nei?
No Hawaiʻi, no ka ʻāina kua makani
ʻO Kaʻū ā Niʻihau
ʻO ka mauna e kū nei
ʻO ia ʻo Maunakea, ka hōʻailona ē.

Arise and look to the faraway seas
To the fluttering streamer as a bird
There at Kahiki-that-rises, Kahiki-that-rests, Kahiki-Great
Kahiki of far away
Here comes the worthy canoe
A vessel that seeks knowledge
A canoe that awakens us at the breaking of the dawn
It is best that you paddle, warriors, that champion us
For Hawai'i, for the nation
Here is the sustaining water, an immense cloud
This is the sign that you look for.

The canoe rests at Tahiti
Its prow kisses the land
For it is an important thing to set foot again on the shores
That Kaha'i set foot on while searching for his father
You are the younger sibling
Before the elder
From whence cometh these strong ones?
From Hawai'i, from the wind-blown land
Ka'ū to Ni'ihau
The mountain that stands
Is Mauna kea, that is the sign that you look for.

‘A‘ohe ou ama, he mea ho‘ohuli
He wa‘a pu‘ipu‘i, he wa‘a ikaika
Ua pi‘i ‘oe a ‘e‘e kū i nā ‘ale
I nā ‘ale i ho‘opā i ka i‘a nui a Māui
A pae i ka nu‘u, a pae i ke one
I ke one ākea o Keaokealoa
Eia ‘o Ko‘olau ke kai
No wai lā ho‘i ke awa e waiho nei
No Hawai‘i o luna, no Hawai‘i kua uli
E hōmai i ka lehua, ka ‘ula
‘O ia ka u‘i o ka ‘āina, ka lana kahawai
E ‘ike pono i ka hō‘ailona ē

Aulike ho‘i ‘o Panopano ka mua
Ka ‘apu ‘awa a nā kūpuna
‘Uī ‘ia e ke Kona
Na ke Akua i kanu
Ka hā‘awi aku, hā‘awi mai
He ha‘awina pono no nā pōki‘i
E ki‘i mai ‘oe, a lawe mai ‘oe
E ka Ipu Kā‘eo
Ho‘opiha ā nui ka i‘a i ka po‘i
Na wai lā ka i‘a noho kai hohonu
No Hawai‘i ka lawai‘a nui
No Hōkūle‘a ka hō‘ailona ē

E ho‘olohe pono i ka māpuna hoe
Ka mānai i kui ai i nā mōhala moku
Nā pua like ‘ole ‘o Polenekia ka waiwai
Na Kaleikuahulu ka makāula i wānana mai
I pae mai nei ka wa‘a o Kahikimakolena
E hopu a pa‘a i ‘eha ‘ole ka ‘ili i ke kaua
Kāua nō ‘o Hōkūle‘a e ka hoa
Ka le‘a ‘oi noke i ka moana
‘O ka ‘oā, ka pihē o uka nei
He kāhea lā i Kānehoalani, ka piko
Inā kākou e nā Hawai‘i
I Kualoa ke one hānau, ke kilo a Kuali‘i
He hō‘ailona no ka wa‘a i hiki mai nei
E kū, e ala e nā moku ē
Eia a‘e ‘o Ha‘aheo e hō‘ola i ia kini ē.

4

You have no ama floater, a thing to turn you over
You are a stout canoe, a strongly made one
You have mounted up and firmly poised yourself on the wavecrest
On the wave that has touched the fish of Maui
Thus landing, coming ashore
Unto the broad sands of New Zealand
Here is Ko'olau the sea
To whom does this harbor that lies before us belong to?
To Hawai'i of the north, to verdant-back Hawai'i
Bring the lehua, the red one
That is the beauty of the land, that which floated on the river
Look with discernment at the sign given.

Gently hospitable is Pagopago the first born
The kava cup of the ancestors
'Awa squeezed by the Strong One (Tonga)
Giving and receiving
That is the true lesson for the younger ones
Fetch and bring
This is addressed to you, Full Calabash
Fill up with fish till it reaches the brim
For whom is the deep-roving fish?
For Hawai'i the great fisherman
For Hōkūle'a is the sign.

Listen carefully, then, to the dipping of the paddles
The needle that sews together the blossoming of islands
These various flowers of Polynesia the Rich
For it is Kaleikuahulu the wise one who predicted
That when the canoe of Kahiki-makolena arrives
Grasp firmly unto the knowledge brought that your skins will no longer be bruised by warfare
You and I, Hōkūle'a, my friend
Know as you continuously persist in darting over the ocean
The roar, the shouts of the upland come forth
It is a call from Kānehoalani, the summit
Calling the Hawaiians to go forth
To Kualoa an ancestral land, a mount for Kuali'i
This is the sign for the canoe coming hither
Arise and awaken oh ye islands
Here comes Proud One to rejuvenate these multitudes.

***Kaona** (Underlying Meaning)*

Pauku 1: Chant is done in *mele pana* or place name style with Kahiki, a faraway place in Hawaiian myths, being the focus of attention. The various names of Kahiki conjure up images of the past and thrust the listener into a former time when sailing from Hawai'i to Tahiti was frequent.

Common to many chants of antiquity, the element of repetition is found in each *pauku*. The common and linking element is the *hō'ailona* or sign. The sign or symbol represents, first, those physical signs a navigator would look for to sight land. Here, the immense rain cloud is representative of the rich "watering" the Hawaiian Renaissance will receive upon Hōkūle'a's return.

Pauku 2: The kiss here is as the ancients did it–by pressing noses. No communicable diseases spread, just the sweet scent of family and friends to be inhaled.

Kaha'i was a famous navigator of Polynesia. In Hawai'i, he returns to Kahiki to search for his father, Hema. The historical characters are resurrected to recall that ancient voyage.

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The use of the terms *hope loa* (youngest) and *hiapo* (oldest) gives a Polynesian sense to the chant. It describes the important sibling relationship of *kaikua'ana* (senior) and *kaikaina* (junior), a distinguishing marker in family relationships peculiar to Polynesia and having a familiarity that Polynesian listeners would appreciate.

Lālāko'a (strong ones) is a play on the place name, Rarotonga, another visitation stop of the Hōkūle'a. Capitalizing on the many meanings of a word is a delightful tool of the composer to create interest and to veil the chant in double entendre.

Maunakea is the symbol. Mountain peaks were easily seen by navigators at sea. Here, attention is diverted from the wind-blown slopes of Mauna Loa to the pristine peak of Maunakea. Symbolically, the author likens the scene change to focusing on goals rather than problems. The wind-blown back refers poetically to the persistence of Hawaiians to continue despite adversity (the wind).

Pauku 3: Hōkūle'a is a double-hulled canoe. This means that it has no outrigger like racing canoes. Its having no *ama* (outrigger) refers to the trouble-free voyage from island to island on this trip.

"Ua pi'i 'oe a 'e'e kū i nā 'ale" is used figuratively to show how the whole human effort of the Polynesian Voyaging Society, the organizers and affiliates of the Hōkūle'a, have surmounted many odds to accomplish their task.

Keaokealoa–modern Hawaiianization of New Zealand Maori word for North Island. Lit. "The long white cloud," the name given by the Maori navigator, Kupe, to said island.

The lehua image is used to recreate the Maori story of an ancestor's dropping a pohutukawa blossom in the waters of their landing to remind them of home–Hawaiki. Lehua is also a poetic symbol for the fledgeling warrior.

Pauku 4: A word play on Panopano for Pagopago as well as the word meaning "darkness." This word is often used in chants to indicate darkness as a point of origin and beginnings. The more familiar association in Hawaiian chant would be with "pō" or night.

The kava cup symbolizes the hospitality of the Western Polynesians. However, the Hawaiian word for *piper methysticum*, *'awa*, also means "bitter." The hidden meaning alludes to the bitter cup many of our ancestors had to drink from upon the deluge of Western man in these islands.

Ipu Kā'eo is an expression referring to a wise and skillful person. Here, it is used to refer to navigator, Nainoa Thompson, who would probably have blushed, hearing his name chanted. In the ensuing lines, he is exhorted to fill up his container till full. Like the Hawaiian fisherman of old who never came home empty handed, a plea is made for him to share his "catch" with the larger Hawaiian 'ohana.

Pauku 5: The prophecy given by Kaleikuahulu to Ka'ahumanu probably prompted her to take hold of Western ways and to embrace Christianity as a means to fulfill it.

Kānehoalani and Kualoa are used as the final *hō'ailona* because these were the original physical markers of Hōkūle'a's launching in 1975. As was customary in times of old, passing canoes would lower their sails to honor the *kapu* of King

Kuali'i. It is only fitting then, to bring closure to the chant with a return to the beginning. This is poetically handled by repeating the admonition, "E kū."

Keith Kalani Akana *is a lecturer in Hawaiian culture at Leeward Community College on Oahu. He also is a resource teacher in Hawaiian studies for the Leeward District of the Hawaii State Department of Education and a Hawaiian language instructor at Waipahu Community School.*

As a former student of Kaha'i Topolinski, Kalani has gained considerable knowledge of the hula and Hawaiian chant. He has instructed chant classes at The Kamehameha Schools, and he has won numerous awards in chant as judged by such renowned authorities as Pat Bacon, Edith McKinzie, Kalena Silva, and Ka'upena Wong; and the late Edith Kanaka'ole, Henry Pa, and Pele Suganuma.

On Naming the Journal of the University of Hawai'i Community Colleges *Pleiades*

By Rebekah Luke

The charter Editorial Board members of this journal picked Pleiades for its name after judging several contest entries by members of Hawai'i's community colleges. Lillian Cunningham, who won the prize for her submission, said her idea was an image of a constellation, a group of stars forming a picture, something that suggested both past and future. She could not have chosen a more divine group of stars with more formidable lore than the Pleiades.

From the beginning, the Pleiades seem to have figured prominently in history, poetry, and the mythology of the heavens. They are frequently found in literature; they have been more attentively and scientifically studied than any other group. They "seem to be among the first stars mentioned in astronomical literature."[1]

The ancient Greeks gave the name Pleiades to the glorious seven-star cluster found in the constellation of Taurus. Six, sometimes seven, stars can be seen with the unaided eye. Other ancient and modern cultures besides the Greeks have known the Pleiades, giving the stars their own names with their own stories attached to them. Although the names and the lore are various, the stars are the same; they are universally recognized.

"There is one cluster in the sky, and one alone, which appeals to the unaided sight as being distinctly and unmistakably a family of stars—the Pleiades."[2]

In Greek mythology the Pleiades represent the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, and the sisters of the Hyades. In China they were worshipped by girls and young women as the "seven sisters of industry." The Babylonian-Assyrian name for the same star cluster signifies "family group."[3] In his research, Richard Hinckley Allen notes that the 19th century "Professor Charles Piazzi Smyth suggests that the seven chambers of the Great Pyramid commemorate these seven stars" and that "Grecian temples were oriented to them, or to their *lucida*."[4] Other versions refer to seven

virgins, birds, doves, a hen with chicks, a bunch of grapes, and little eyes.

This last version, little eyes, is the literal translation of Makali'i, the Hawaiian name for Pleiades.

Makali'i was the name of the chief navigator to the man Hawai'iloa. According to the Kumuhonua legend, said to have the oldest remembered knowledge of the Hawaiian people, Hawai'iloa was a great fisherman and the earliest ancestor of the Hawaiians.[5] On one of his fishing cruises he sailed in the direction of Iao (the Eastern star, or Jupiter when it is the morning star), toward the star Aldebaran. Beneath the cluster of stars a little beyond Aldebaran was the land today known as Hawai'i. The cluster was named after the navigator.[6] Hawai'iloa became the father of the welo ali'i, or royalty, the legend says, and the welo kanaka, or class of commoners, is said to have descended from Makali'i.

There are other legends, and in these Makali'i is sometimes a seer of the gods, sometimes a deified ruling chief of Kauai, sometimes a god, sometimes the one who controlled the vegetable supply, sometimes the one who established the planting calendar, or sometimes the "little eyes" of the net that holds food.

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This reference to the planting calendar points to a major significance of the Pleiades, not just in ancient Hawai'i, but everywhere, for the rising and setting of these stars mark the beginning of the winter and spring seasons for the farmer.

Abraham Fornander includes this footnote:

> Mr. R. G. Haliburton, of Halifax, N.S., has shown that the primitive year of the Pleiades was a prehistorical tradition, spread amongst all races of mankind in both the new and old hemispheres, and alike in the north and south. The leading characteristics of that year being that it began on the 19th day of *Athyr*, or November, when the Pleiades, or their containing constellation, the Bull—the great *Tau* of the Egyptians, the *Taurus* of the Latins, the *Thor* of the Scandinavians, and the *Atlyr* or *Arthur* of the ancient Britons—was on the meridian at midnight. *Vide* Life and Work at the Great Pyramid, 1865, by C. Piazzi Smyth, vol. i. chap. xii. p. 330.[7]

In Hawai'i of old, and even today, there are two seasons: a rainy winter season, Ho'oilo, from November 20 to May 20, and a dry summer season, Kau, from May 20 to November 20. In Tahiti, these two seasons are called Makarii-i-nia (Pleiades

above the horizon) and Makarii-i-raro (Pleiades below the horizon).[8]

Makali'i is also the name of the first day of the first month of the new year, when Hawaiians celebrated the makahiki, or commencement day. When these stars "first sparkle in the horizon . . . in the twilight of evening (November 20), the season of plenty begins, and it lasts until these stars descend below the horizon in the twilight of evening."[9]

In his popular novel *Hawaii*, James A. Michener describes how the Polynesians voyaged in a double-hulled canoe from Tahiti to the Hawaiian Islands for the first time. A passage reads:

> Then it was that the wisdom of Tupuna in setting forth at dusk on the new day of the month became apparent, for there, rising in the eastern sky and with no bright moon in competition, sparkled the Seven Little Eyes. It was their first twilight appearance of the year, their reassuring return which proved that the world would continue for at least twelve more months. With what extraordinary joy the voyagers greeted the Little Eyes. From the grass house women came forth and filled their hearts with comfort. Those crew members who had to keep the canoe headed with the wind found new resilience in their tired muscles, and Teroro knew that he was on course.[10]

Those acquainted with Polynesian folklore have learned that the Polynesian "possessed a respectable knowledge of the stars, their rising and setting at all times of the year, both in the Southern and Northern Hemisphere . . . ."[11]

In May of 1987, the commemorative Year of the Hawaiian in the State of Hawai'i, the double-hulled canoe Hokule'a proved that the Polynesians were capable of sailing and navigating back and forth between the islands upon completing the two-year Voyage of Rediscovery. As navigators the ancient Polynesians were knowledgeable in celestial navigation; with their keen eyesight they judged the natural signs of approaching land; they were courageous, hardy, and they persevered. In their voyages they used no instruments but the stars as a compass and a guide.

Pleiades. What an inspiration for us earthlings of the University of Hawai'i Community Colleges to have for the title of our journal.

Like the stars, today we are seven campuses. Six, definitely. And the seventh, the one which peeks in and out? There is Hawai'i Community College administered by the University of

Hawai'i at Hilo "way over on the Big Island" (from Oahu's point of view!), and the Employment Training Office, a unique training center which technically is not a community college; both are part of our family. Together we shine brightly, like a beacon.

May we be inspired by the virtuous lore of the past, bringing to mind the concepts of navigation, a guiding light, being on course, industry, love of the common people, a season of plenty, nourishment, commencement, future, family, Hawaiianess, and universality.

May we humbly aspire toward the stars themselves.

Rebekah Luke *is the public relations assistant for the University of Hawaii Community Colleges and a photojournalist. She received a B.A. in journalism from the University of Hawaii at Manoa, and she studied photography at Art Center College of Design. She has written for newspapers and magazines and currently is the editor of* Community Colleges *newsmagazine.*

Notes

[1]Richard Hinckley Allen, *Star Names Their Lore and Meaning*, p. 392.

[2]E. Walter Maunder, *The Astronomy of the Bible*, p. 215.

[3]Richard Hinckley Allen, p. 393.

[4]Richard Hinckley Allen, p. 399.

[5]Martha Beckwith, *Hawaiian Mythology*, p. 363.

[6]Thomas G. Thrum, *More Hawaiian Folk Tales*, p. 3.

[7]Abraham Fornander, *An Account of the Polynesian Race Its Origin and Migrations*, vol. I, p. 119.

[8]Abraham Fornander, vol. I, p. 118, 119.

[9]Martha Beckwith, p. 368.

[10]James A. Michener, *Hawaii*, p. 85.

[11]Abraham Fornander, *an Account of the Polynesian Race Its Origin and Migrations*, vol. II, p. 8.

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Fillmore's Barn

By Anthony Russo

A memory was born far across the valley where Junction 209 turned right past Fillmore's barn. It's a long way back to those times, like it never happened. Of course, the barn is gone now and Junction 209 is an Interstate, but still under all that concrete there are the dead roots of the maple tree once tattooed with our initials, Margie's and mine. We were married one day long ago because at the time we thought it was the right thing to do. It was one of those chances that had to be taken.

One spring day I met Margie stuck in the mud of the Delaware river, not too far from where Washington beat the Hessians. Up to her pretty thighs in river mud and hair pasted to her face with perspiration, she was cursing as well as sailors on liberty. I stood there on the upper bank of the river staring at her from behind the wheel of my '39 Chevy.

"For Christ's sake," she said agitated, "don't sit there like an idiot gawking. Help me out of here."

I was annoyed that she caught me gaping but pleased that she noticed me.

"What are you doing in the mud?" It came out before I could think about how dumb the question was.

She looked at me hard and threw back her head in a laugh. She sat down in the mud very slowly, black ooze all around her, and chuckled.

"Punks," she said as I pulled her out of the mud with a birch branch.

"What?" was all I could muster.

"Punks, man, punks. You know, river reeds."

"Oh, I thought only kids hunt for punks in the river," I murmured.

Her face was screwed up with curiosity, and her head tipped slightly to one side. She smiled, her teeth so perfectly straight

that one could imagine her with braces not so long ago.

"Don't be embarrassed."

I was impressed with her perception of my feelings.

"I ask first and think about it later," I answered. "I guess that's my problem."

"Your only problem is honesty," she laughed. "To answer your 'silly question,' punks are not just for kids. They are for anybody who likes punks. I climb trees. Climbing trees is not just for kids," she went on, "they are there for anyone who needs to climb a tree. Anyway, I am an art major and am doing a nature collage. I needed some river reeds."

"Oh, I see," I said weakly.

We went to Bowman's Tower that afternoon, Margie in her muddy bathing suit with a towel wrapped around her waist. We climbed to the top and exchanged sighs of gratitude at the last step. The valley below was green and clear.

"There is Fillmore's barn." She pointed to the little red barn far off over the first hill. "Do you like barns?" she asked.

"I never thought about liking them or not," I answered.

16

"Take a stand now. I'll give you a minute to decide," she said seriously. "No copping out. A yea or nay for barns."

She walked to the corner of the tower landing and hoisted herself off the ground with her elbows over the railing. She looked straight down. "Wheee. How far do you think it is to the ground?" she sang out. Before I could guess she spoke.

"Do you know what kinetic energy is? Can you calculate in your head what the kinetic energy of your body would be just before it hits the ground?"

"I'm not too good at physics. I thought you were an art major."

"Science is art, too," she retorted. "It fascinates me. It's neat and clean. No fuzziness about it."

As I was about to answer she asked, "Objectivity is so safe, don't you think?"

"Ever since I met you today, I haven't stopped thinking. It is hard to keep up with all of your questions," I remarked somewhat annoyed.

She paused to smooth her sunstreaked hair back into a pony tail. The rubber band broke.

"Shit!" She smiled letting her raisin brown hair fall over her shoulders. "You don't like girls who swear, do you?"

"It embarrasses me," I said.

She looked over the valley again and suddenly turned to me.

"Well, Stevens, are you for or against barns?"

"Oh that. Well . . . hey, how did you know my last name?"

"Don't stall, Stevens. Are you for or against . . . ."

"I vote barns. Now, how did you know my name?"

"I won't tell you until you tell me something about kinetic energy."

"I don't know the first thing about kinetic energy," I confessed.

She looked down at her dirty toes. A twig of hair fell over her left eye. She blew it out of her face and answered, "I knew who you were before today. You're the only guy in Delaware Valley who drives a '39 Chevy. You drove by Barrett's Inn the other night with a date. I saw you and asked around."

"Do you always do that?" I asked.

"Who was the girl? She was pretty."

"Helen Mays . . . went to Pennsbury High with me."

"Oh . . . anyway, Stevens, let's get back to kinetic energy. How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and sixty-five," I lied.

"Alright. All you have to do is multiply your weight by the height of this tower. That's potential energy . . . ." She went on to explain all about the conservation of energy, and I realized then that she was shy. Some people talk a lot to hide their nervousness. She liked me and was anxious. I thought to myself, "Why does she like me?"

"Why do you like me?" I asked in a loud voice. She didn't seem surprised by the question.

"I haven't felt shy and girlish for a long time. You make me feel that way." She looked at me for a few long seconds and added, "I like the feeling."

She suddenly shifted around and bounded down the circular staircase shouting, "Let's go see the barn, Stevens. You're for barns and so am I."

We drove down the winding road past farms sprinkled with

Herefords and Guernseys, through a stand of Swedish oaks to Fillmore's barn. The barn was even smaller than I had expected. Newly painted burnt-red with white trimming, it sat framed among large maple trees. Fresh from the harvest the hay in the barn smelled sweet. We lay under the trees looking up at the sparkles of sun drops through the leaves. Before our eyes the light danced a syncopated rhythm of sunlight and shade.

"Stevens, can I be your girl?" she asked in a firm voice. "We both like barns. That's a good start, don't you think?"

I can't remember the exact moment I started loving Margie but when I carved her initials that day in the large maple next to Fillmore's barn I was happy. It's been a long time since Margie's death. Fillmore's barn is gone and so is the maple tree with our initials. It's been a short but hot summer in Delaware Valley. The river is just a trickle but soon the fall rains will wash the parched mud. The river will swell and on the banks children will wade through the black mud in search of river punks.

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Japanese Culture: A View by Shigemi Goto

By Ruth Adaniya

In the summer of 1987, Professor Shigemi Goto, full professor of history at Beppu University in Kyushu, served as Leeward Community College's first exchange professor under the Japan Cultural Studies program. In addition to courses on Japanese history, language, culture, and literature offered during the regular semester, the Japan Cultural Studies at Leeward Community College includes summer study tours to Beppu University and summer courses taught at Leeward by Beppu exchange professors.

Goto's course was entitled, "Japanese Culture: A View of Man and Nature through the History of Farmers." The lectures were in Japanese and translated simultaneously into English by Robin Fujikawa, now an instructor in philosophy at Kapiolani Community College. Goto, an authority on Tokugawa agricultural history, developed the thesis that although traditional Japanese culture is frequently defined by the refined arts such as noh drama, flower arranging, and the tea ceremony, in reality, the fundamental, more pervasive, culture was that which was rooted in agriculture and the farmers' daily life. In fact the arts mentioned earlier stemmed from the agricultural lifestyle. Therefore, to understand traditional Japanese culture, one must understand how farmers farmed, how they viewed the different elements of nature, and how their spiritual and cultural life was based on these views.

Traditional Farming. The basic crop of Japan was wet-land rice, which required much water and good drainage. The ideal location for a rice field, therefore, was not in the plains but in the mountainous regions, on sloping valleys where it was easier to get water into and out of the fields by utilizing the natural flow of water. Cultivation usually began upstream rather than at the base of rivers, where, due to the lower level of the water, irrigation was more difficult. It was not due to a lack of land that the Japanese cultivated the sloping valleys, creating the often

breath-taking, fan-shaped terraced fields. Ōishi Hisataka, a scholar from the Edo period, claimed that farms in these mountainous regions were the most prosperous. These formed the nucleus of villages.

Although the Japanese used human and animal waste as fertilizer at least as far back as the Kamakura period and oyster shells and fish in the Edo period, the most commonly used fertilizer was grasses and leaves, or *sōhi* (*sō* = grass; *hi* = fertilizer). The use of *sōhi* probably dates from prehistoric times, when rice cultivation was originally introduced in Japan. There were two methods of using grasses: 1) cutting them when green and tilling them into the fields, and 2) feeding them to animals and using the resulting manure for fertilizer.[1] For leaves and grasses to be effective as direct fertilizer, they needed to be plowed as deep as possible into the soil. An interesting note relating to this procedure deals with the *tageta* (*ta* = field, *geta* = wooden clogs) that existed as early as the Yayoi period. Until recently it was assumed that the *tageta* was used to walk in deep mud. Now anthropologists believe that it was used to stomp the *sōhi* into the rice paddies. This raises the question of whether the *geta*, which is still used, was originally a tool of agriculture that entered the mainstream of daily life as footwear.

Traditional fertilizers improved the land.[2] Although grasses and leaves do not show their effects quickly, they enrich the soil for continued use without adverse effects—unlike chemical fertilizers. Grasses and leaves were gathered from the mountains and uncultivated grasslands, both which remained communal lands. Cooperation among the farmers was vital in preserving these sources of fertilizer on which the continued existence of the village depended. No cultivator could be allowed to encroach on these communal lands for private cultivation because that would mean the deprivation of the needed fertilizer for the others.

In fact, until the middle of the Edo period, the Bakufu, the ruling institution of Japan, forbade the cultivation of these lands. Cooperation among the farmers also called for group decisions on how the communal lands were to be used by everyone, including when the grass could be cut. To protect the grasslands, certain days were set aside when no one was allowed to enter them. Such cooperative protection of the uncultivated areas promoted the solidarity of the village. Farmers who were separated from villages were obliged to enter into contractural relationships with a village to gain access to grasslands.

Traditional farming thus depended on the maintenance of the proper proportion between cultivated and uncultivated lands and on access to the uncultivated lands. Unfortunately, this fact was not given enough attention in the land reforms of 1946-47, in which large landholdings were divided into smaller parcels and, after limited acreage was set aside for the original owners, sold cheaply to cultivators. The reforms were revolutionary and democratic. However, in a serious oversight, the grasslands and mountains were not included in the reforms and the farmers were left without access to them, causing much hardship.

In addition to solving water management and soil development problems, the traditional farmer was challenged to get maximum production within the limited time Japan's four seasons allow for farming. Solutions included the growing of both rice and wheat. Rice needs much water; wheat does not. Rice grows in the summer and matures in the autumn. Wheat grows in the winter and matures in the spring. These two highly complementary crops extended the farmers' growing period. Another solution was to increase the variety of crops. Traditional agriculture included the growing of the "five grains," the "four trees," and the "three grasses." The "five grains" consisted of barley, two types of millet, soy beans, and rice; the "four trees" of tea, two types of mulberry, and the lacquer tree; and the "three grasses" of hemp, indigo, and safflower. Since the trees and grasses were important items in industrial production, there was a definite relationship between the general prosperity of agriculture and industry.

The planting of many different crops demanded strict adherence to a schedule, since delayed planting of one crop led to delayed planting of all subsequent crops, which in turn resulted in immature harvests. To keep on schedule, the farmers had to be able to predict accurately the arrival of seasons,[3] which come at different times to the various parts of Japan due to its extension over many latitudes. This is why, for instance, the cherry blossoms bloom two months earlier in Kyushu than in Hokkaido.

In the past, farmers studied natural phenomena—such as the position of the heavenly bodies, direction of the wind, singing of the nightingale, migration of birds, and the way buds emerged—to predict the arrival of seasons. Even mountains were used as calendars. Boundary lines and configurations created by the snow marked time to the observant farmer and heralded the coming of winter or, more importantly, of spring. Configura-

tions in the snow, which were the result of physical features such as crevices and tree growths, account for names given to some mountains. It is claimed that mountains with the word "horse" in their name, such as Hakubadake (literally "White Horse Mountain"), are so named because a figure of a horse emerges as the snow melts.

The success of the traditional farmer of Japan depended on his ability to work in harmony with nature. The rhythm of nature determined the rhythm of his life.

View of Nature. Since water is an important element in a wet-land rice culture, it is not surprising that the Japanese, like the Chinese, conceived of their water god as a dragon, a symbol of power. Unlike the Western dragon that symbolizes evil, the Oriental dragon represents a part of nature that is vital to man.

Viewed as a dragon, water shows two faces. Normally beneficial, it is also potentially destructive. A legend dealing with Susano-o, brother of Amaterasu Ōmikami, the Sun Goddess, bears this point. After being banished from heaven because of his misdeeds, Susano-o traveled throughout Japan and finally came to the Hii River in Izumo. There he met an elderly couple in mourning. Asked why they mourned, the man replied: "We originally had eight daughters. But each year an eight-headed, eight-tailed dragon has consumed one. Now he will surely come for our last daughter, Kushinadahime." Susano-o aids the couple by slaying the monster.

The name Kushinadahime is significant. *Kushi* is Japanese for comb; but it also means important. *Nada* is an area of strong currents in the ocean, but if read as *inada* becomes rice. *Hime* is maiden. Thus Kushinadahime can be read as a combination of important, rice, and maiden. And since the dragon is associated with water and potential destruction, this legend could be interpreted as a story dealing with typhoons (symbolized by the dragon) that came regularly in autumn and ravaged rice fields (symbolized by the maiden). The elderly couple then become the farmers, who through the agency of a deity, are able to contain the damages wrought by typhoons.

Another tale presents water as a gift not to be taken for granted. In a particular village, there was a spring that never dried up. One day a filthy mendicant passed through and asked for water from a maiden at the spring. The maiden replied, "You filthy monk, I have no water to give you," and cruelly threw water at him. After the monk departed, the spring dried up,

forcing the villagers to walk quite a distance for their water. Many years later, an unkempt monk passed through the village and asked an old woman for water. Without hesitation, the woman dipped into the bucket of water she had just laboriously carried back to the village and offered him water. In appreciation, the monk used his walking stick to locate a spring, which provided the villagers with pure water forever.

Mountains, too, loom large in the myths and legends of Japan. Not unexpectedly, mountains were often enveloped with a spiritual aura.[4] In myths, the gods descended to Mt. Takachiho in Miyazaki to create Japan. A Heian tale, *Taketori Monogatari* (the Tale of the Bamboo Cutter), explains the spiritual basis of Mt. Fuji. A female child named Kaguyahima descended from the moon and was raised by earthly parents. When it was time for her to return to the moon, she presented her parents with some powder of immortality. Saddened by the departure of their adopted daughter and not wanting immortality, the parents presented the magical powder to the Emperor. Hearing the couple's plight, the Emperor was deeply moved and decided to burn the powder on top of a particular mountain, which became known as Fushi-no-Yama (Mountain of Immortality). Fushi-no-Yama became Fujiyama, or Mt. Fuji. It is said that even today it is possible to see the smoke ascending from the top of the mountain.

Nature was perceived as having human as well as spiritual qualities. This reflected in several stories and names of rivers and mountains. In Beppu, there are two mountains that stand close to each other, Mt. Hyugadake and Mt. Yufu. Long ago, it is claimed, Mt. Hyugadake existed in Hyuga, not at the present site. Hearing of the beauty of Mt. Yufu, it proudly and confidently wanted to compare its own beauty with that of Mt. Yufu's. After traveling to Beppu, however, and seeing the outstanding beauty of Mt. Yufu, Mt. Hyugadake was stripped of its ego and its spirit. Defeated, it shrank in size and remained at the base of Mt. Yufu.

Then there is the story of Mt. Sobo and Mt. Katanuki in central Kyushu. Eons ago, these two mountains, which existed in the same range, compared heights. Mt. Katanuki proved to be taller but Mt. Sobo jealously kicked him, causing him to become lop-sided and shorter. (*Katanuki* means lop-sided.)

Mountains were capable of being romantic as well as egotistical and jealous. In the plains of Nara are three famous mountains, Mt. Unebi, Mt. Kagu, and Mt. Miminashi, which are

referred to in several sections of the *Manyōshū*, a celebrated collection of poems compiled in the 8th century. These three are said to have been involved in a love triangle, with Mt. Unebi as the female mountain and the other two, the male mountains.

Names of rivers are evidence that rivers too had human traits and were capable of having familial relationships. The three large rivers of Japan, Tone River in the Kanto region, Chikugo River in Kyushu, and Yoshino River in Shikoku, are nicknamed Bandō Tarō, Chikushi no Jirō, and Yoshino no Saburō, respectively. Tarō is a common name for the first son, Jirō the second son, and Saburō the third son.

Spiritual Understandings. Japan has four distinct seasons. The effect of the seasons on the different physical settings found in Japan results in a myriad expression of nature. Hence it is not surprising that the Japanese, who related their gods to nature, had, from ancient times, "eight million," that is, very many, gods, each with its distinct personality.

The myths of Japan make clear that along with distinct personalities, the gods had distinct—and limited—functions. The gods were not omnipotent. For example, the god that had powers in the management of water was limited to those powers. The same held true for all other gods. The god with powers to heal eye ailments was incapable of healing ear ailments, and vice versa.

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Myths record instances of gods going beyond their sphere and encountering failure. An example is that of two great gods who were brothers. The older brother was adept in gathering the products of the ocean; the younger brother, the fruits of the mountain. One day the younger brother wanted to try his hand at fishing so he borrowed his brother's equipment. Incompetent at fishing, he lost his brother's valuable fish hook. The point is that a separation of functions exists even in the realm of the gods. A god may be outstanding in its own field, but incompetent in others.

The well-known story of Amaterasu Ōmikami reflects the understanding that each god had a specific function. When her brother, Susano-o, angered her with his childish and disruptive behavior, Amaterasu hid within a cave, thus causing the world to be filled with darkness. Among the many gods that gathered because of concern over the situation was Omoi-kane-no-kami, whose name translates as the kami of ideas (*omoi* = thinking; *kane* = can). It was he who planned the strategy that the gods

used successfully to lure Amaterasu out of the cave. Two other gods played major roles in the execution of the plan. One was Ame-no-uzume-no-mikoto, the god of dance, whose performance provoked such laughter among the gods that Amaterasu, unable to contain her curiosity, slightly pushed aside the rock that closed the entrance to the cave to have a peek. The other god was Te-jikara-o-no-kami, god of physical strength (*te* = hand; *chikara* = strength), who removed the rock.

Today, however, there is a tendency to disregard the limits to the power of the gods. Shrines and temples sell different types of amulets (*omamori*) providing a variety of protection, despite the fact that they are dedicated to but one god, who really has only one function. So, for example, people can buy an amulet to protect themselves against traffic accidents from shrines dedicated to Tenjinsama, god of scholarship, or Hachimansama, god of war, or Izumo-no-kamisama, god of marriage.

There have been instances, though, of gods actually gaining multiple functions due to the confidence of the people. The transformation of Seki-no-kami, the god of guidance to travelers, into a god that heals ailments of the throat is one. Seki-no-kami is often found at intersections, in areas that lack landmarks, or at boundaries separating sections of land. Since *seki* also means cough, the Japanese mistakenly looked to Seki-no-kami for help with ailments of the throat, and the god that guides gradually became also the god that heals throat ailments.

Traditionally, the *matsuri*, or festival, was a way of communion with the gods and held at pivotal points during the year, especially at the beginning of the seasons. The spring and autumn celebrations were extremely important. At the beginning of spring, the gods were welcomed and asked for abundant crop. In autumn, after the harvest, the gods were thanked and bade farewell. An important performance held in autumn was the *tesanmai*, in which the five grains were first offered to the gods and then distributed to the people. Also, in the *tesanmai*, the god of destruction appears and is placated.

The *matsuri*, which brought great joy to the gods, consisted of songs and dances and other activities called *kyōgi*. *Kyōgi* were ceremonial means to predict the following year's fortunes and included sumo, *tsunahiki* (tug-of-war), boat races, archery, and *inchiuchi* (a rock fight between two villages). Prosperity was forecast for the side that won in these competitions. In *inchiuchi*, members of the two villages sometimes faced each other from

across a stream and knocked down as many of their opponents as possible in a ceremonial rock fight. Many *matsuri* activities became part of the daily life of the Japanese by evolving into independent forms of entertainment, sports, or performances. For instance, from the *tamatsuri*, the festival in which prayers for abundant rice are offered, evolved the kabuki and noh dramas.

The crux of the *matsuri*, however, was eating and drinking together with the gods. Through a sharing of food and drink, the deity was invited to the village and thanked for the harvest or supplicated for an abundant crop in the future.

Masks were used in the *matsuri* for the dual purpose of making the people— and therefore also the gods—happy and of serving as the visible faces of the gods. Gods are invisible since visibility would result in reduction of godly powers. However, the *matsuri* is an occasion when the gods must present themselves, and this is possible with the use of masks. Masks are used in *kagura*, a traditional dance associated with *matsuri*. In *kagura*, a characteristic movement is the *hebai*, or the stamping of the feet to the beat of drums and flutes to call out the god of the earth.

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Until the Meiji period, when the society of Japan underwent drastic changes, a prominent aspect of the *matsuri* was the sexual aspect. Sexually suggestive folk dances and songs were openly performed at the festivals. Men and women with masks danced together on stage and engaged in movements with heavy sexual connotations. Or songs with sexual references were sung. An example is a line from a humorous song about the female genitalia: a young man watching a maiden climb a tree wonders if the "scar" he notices from below is a result of a cut from a spear. Such songs were an integral part of the *matsuri*. A different attitude toward the public display of sexuality was held by the Japanese then, and a festive mood was generated by these songs and dances. This, in turn, made the gods happy. Undoubtedly the overt display of sexuality was a celebration of life and fertility.

Sometimes sexuality was referred to by the use of symbols, such as the mortar and pestle. The mortar, or *usu*, is symbolic of the female and the pestle, the male. These items were either simply left on stage or referred to by motion in certain dances. Since the mortar and pestle are intimately related to rice cultivation and the labor of farmers, the connection between agriculture and sexuality (or fertility) was made clear. The sexual motif, in

fact, provided the true aspect of the *matsuri*.[5]

Presently, the sexual aspect of the *matsuri* has been greatly minimized and participation of the people reduced. The *matsuri* has become more of a spectacle, with the Japanese involved as observers, not participants. And whereas in the past the *matsuri* was often held from sunset to sunrise in keeping with the invisible nature of the gods, today it is more frequently held during the day to facilitate its function as a spectacle.

In addition to the *matsuri*, the elements of water and mountains play a large role in the spiritual life of the Japanese. In mythology, outstanding gods and sages were those that built dams and other systems of water control. On the other hand, the worst crimes possible were those that dealt with the destruction of the rice paddies or the water system that fed the paddies, such as the tearing down of the *aze* (the ridges that form the paddies) or the plugging of the irrigation ditch. The area of the rice paddy where the water first enters, the *mizukakari*, has special significance. It is from this area that the rice offered to the gods is taken. And the straw of the rice grown in this area is used to make the *shimenawa*, the sacred rope that hangs across the torii and doorway to shrines.

In the life of the farmers, there were times when there was too little water and other times when there was too much. So they enlisted the help of the gods either to bring rain or to stop it. Sometimes the gods demanded prayers that continued throughout the night. Two high-ranking shrines at which the Emperor prayed were the Kawakami Shrine in Nara and the Kifune Shrine in Kyoto. The god at these shrines is Ōkami, whose name is written with a combination of the characters for rain and dragon.

An important ceremony to induce rain was the *shiokumi* (*shio* = water; *kumi* = to draw). A representative of the village went to a nearby river, lake, or beach and carried water back to the village shrine. Since rain would fall where he stopped, the carrier was unable to rest on his return trip. After the water was offered to the god at the shrine, it was poured into the irrigation system or distributed to the farmers to sprinkle on their rice paddies. Today, cars are used to transport the water.

Sometimes the god did not immediately grant the farmers' request for rain. That forced the farmers to examine the personality of the god to decide whether they should allay or arouse the anger of the god. If they decided to anger the god, they would go into a nearby lake or waterfall and hurl an animal carcass, an

item with a sharp edge such as a knife, or human feces into it. The farmers hoped that the god would retaliate by releasing heavy rains.

An essential quality of water is its power of purification. *Misogiba*, places where people can cleanse themselves with water before they enter the sanctified area are found at entrances to shrines. Sometimes the *misogiba* is simply a rock with a depression containing the water. Before the *misogiba* was established, people cleansed their entire body by plunging into a spring, lake, or river near the shrine. The term *misogi*, which means purifying with water, is written with the characters for "body" and "to cast off." By casting off one's body—that is, one's impurities—one appeases the god before entering the holy area.

The drinking of water was a significant part of many ceremonies. Early in the morning of New Year's Day, the head of the household drew water from a nearby source and placed it at the family shrine to greet the god of the new year. The family hoped for good fortune for the year. Sometimes at wedding ceremonies, water, instead of sake, was drunk. This folk custom was prevalent especially in Okinawa. Another folk custom was to give water to a person immediately before he died. The purpose was to revive the spirit after death and to ensure its safe passage to the next world. Yet another use of water was seen during the Sengoku period when the villagers carried out many demonstrations against the government. The villagers first gathered at the shrine and drank *shinsui*, or water of the gods. By drinking holy water together, the villagers were united into one corporate body with one heart.

Regarding mountains, a tale of a bamboo basket maker reveals the nature of the gods associated with them. One day, when the basket maker was busy weaving, a mountain woman—understood by the Japanese to be a god—appeared. The basket maker thought, "What a fearful woman!" Reading his mind, the woman responded, "You think I'm fearful, don't you?" And when the basket maker hoped that she would leave soon, the woman again read his thoughts. This episode illustrates the understanding that mountain gods are able to see into the minds of men; therefore, they should remain pure, even in their thoughts.

The Japanese believed that the mountain gods were unattractive in appearance. Applying psychology, hunters would take

okoze, an ugly fish, into the mountains with them in order to receive the favor of the gods. The rationale was that if the mountain gods saw something even uglier than themselves, they would be so pleased they would grant a successful hunt to the hunter.[6] In general, mountain gods were seen as bearers of happiness.

An important role of mountains is as gods that guided travelers. Especially in ocean travel, mountains are the most visible landmark. So it is not surprising that along the coastlines of Kyushu, Amami, and Okinawa, there are many mountains called Tachigami (*tachi* = standing; *kami* = god).[7] Travelers prayed to Tachigami for safe passage.

Interestingly, the Japanese believed that Ta-no-kami, the god of the rice paddy, returned to the mountain in autumn and became Yama-no-kami, the god of the mountain. This seems to be a reflection of the understanding of the interrelatedness of nature.

This investigation of traditional farming shows how past generations, being predominantly farmers, were immersed in nature, toward which they felt both gratitude and fear. From these deeply felt emotions emerged their religious beliefs. The twentieth century, however, has wrought fundamental changes. The modern industrial lifestyle has resulted in a decrease in the awareness of nature and a concomitant decrease in spirituality. Although many traditions such as the *matsuri* still exist, with the continuing decline of agriculture,[8] the spiritual base that originally imbued them with meaning is rapidly diminishing.

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Notes

[1]Traditional farmers also planted renge-sō, a clover-like plant, for use as fertilizer. The crop was simply plowed under. In spring, before the field was plowed, it turned into a magnificent carpet of lotus-like purple flowers.

[2]Farmers of the coastal areas also used sardines for fertilizer. The Japanese character for sardine is a combination of "fish" and "weak" reflecting the fact that it is a fish that is difficult to preserve. However, it is plentiful and the Japanese could catch large quantities. They boiled the sardine, extracted the oil for fuel, then dried the sediment for use as fertilizer.

[3]The beginning of spring is called *risshun*. The 88th night after *risshun* is believed to be the best time to pick tea leaves. The 210th to the 220th days after *risshun* are much feared by farmers because they are the days when typhoons are expected.

[4]The Japanese believed that rocks and mountains developed and matured, contrary to the scientific view that they disintegrate.

[5]In Kagoshima, many *ta-no-kami*, gods of rice paddy, are shown in embrace.

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[6]Similarly, fishermen understood the psychology of the sea gods. Since it is believed that sea gods would become angry if mountain gods are referred to, the Japanese do not speak of monkeys, who are associated with mountain gods, while out at sea. For the same reason, fishermen never call monkeys "brothers," although others do. Instead, fishermen call monkeys *eteko*, a derogatory term implying that monkeys are good at mimicry but are not wise.

[7]To simplify the narrative, *kami* has been freely translated as "god" although more and more scholars believe such a translation creates serious misunderstandings. In this manuscript, the word "god" should be understood in the Shinto sense of *kami* and not in the Western sense of an omnipotent deity.

[8]There is an expression, "*sanchan nōgyo*" ("three *chan* agriculture), a reference to the fact that farming today is often carried out by only the mother (*kāchan*), grandmother (*bāchan*), and grandfather (*jīchan*).

Recommended Readings

The following titles were submitted by Professor Shigemi Goto for the benefit of those who are able to read Japanese.

Minzokugaku kenkyūjo. *Sōgō Nihon minzoku goi*. Heibonsha, 1970.

Nihon minzokugaku kyōkai. *Nihon shakai minzoku jiten*. Seibundō shinkōsha, 1967.

Nihon nōsangyoson bunka kyōkai. *Nihon nōsho zenshū: Nōgyō zue*, 1983.

English readers may wish to investigate these titles.

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Pickens, Stuart. *Shinto: Japan's Spiritual Roots*. Tokyo: Kodansha, 1980.

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The Classroom

This first day you are quiet,
cautious as cats,
sizing me up,
deciding if you should escape.
But soon you will be unquiet,
primed, full of questions—
the way I like it.

Pages later, you will argue your words,
tell me how it is.
You will work these lines
instead of sleeping,
eating, watching tv—
reminding me every day
of why I am still here.

—*Elizabeth Young*

Saying the Unsayable: The Depth in Life

By Michael Molloy

Words are a kind of magic. As readers and thinkers, we value the insight that these special sounds or marks on a page can bring. In earlier cultures, words were considered to have mysterious power: in the Bible, for example, words can create and destroy.[1] If we are teachers, we know too well how words can do both.

Words are distinctively human, and our ability to reason with words has set us human beings apart from other animals, giving us a sense of our special dignity. Yet, while words set human beings apart from the rest of nature, we know instinctively that words also create a connection with reality. They form a bridge between us and all those mysterious, moving molecules that flow constantly around us.

Words also allow us to enter the human world of shared memories and ideas. The story of Helen Keller's discovery of words is, to my mind, one of the most instructive—as well as moving—stories in all the autobiography I know. It shows well what words can mean and can do. As you recall, Helen Keller was both deaf and blind as a child. She was a wild animal, like a cat grown up in the desert, driven by unchanneled, destructive energies. Then one day her devoted teacher, Annie Sullivan, filled with exasperation at this wildness, took Helen to a water pump near her house. Holding one of Helen's hands in the gushing water, Miss Sullivan spelt the word "water" emphatically and repeatedly—into the girl's other hand. When Helen recognized that there was a connection between the rushing water falling across one hand, and the signs made into her other hand, it was, she tells us, like an experience of sudden enlightenment, an epiphany.[2] In a flash she realized that everything in her experience had a word—everything had a name. Through that experience of words she left the world of darkness and entered a world of light. She spent the rest of her life, as we know, writing and speaking publicly in support of the handicapped; and her autobiography, recognized as a classic, has been

turned into both a film and a play.

Words, though, are not enough. Because of their private fascination and their public prestige, words can exert a dangerous power. But this power can block a deeper awareness both of what words cannot do and a deeper awareness of the nature of reality itself. For example, a person may know "the price of everything, and the value of nothing."[3] A famous image, frequently found in oriental painting, illustrates the same point. A monkey, dangling from a branch over a pond, reaches out to touch the moon, which is reflected in the still water below. But the monkey is unable to realize that the reflection of the moon is not the moon itself.[4]

When we examine our experience, we must realize that although everything can be put into words, nothing can be put *fully* into words. This becomes painfully clear when we try to tell another person about a significant experience, either wonderful or tragic, that we have had. How often we say, "I just can't put it into words," or "You had to be there." This is clearest when we try to describe something like an extravagantly beautiful sunset or a moving piece of music or a terrifying accident. But it is just as true if you were to try to describe the taste of a cucumber, or compare a cucumber to an apple, or an apple to a pear. Words are like x-rays, giving only the most basic and easily recognizable traits of things. They leave out far more than they reveal, and can only communicate basic categories of our experience.

Words, I think, are like our eyesight, and work best in a middle range.[5] Words disclose obvious and shared features of reality, but are able to convey neither what is truly unique (like seeing things at close range) nor what is truly general (like seeing things at a distance).

Try to explain, for example, the charm of a friend's special laugh; or try to explain the quality of Ella Fitzgerald's singing voice; or try to describe the shape of just one particular monkeypod tree and its arrangement of leaves and branches; or distinguish in words between two perfumes; or describe exactly the shades of color you see in an orchid blooming in your yard. This is the inability of words at close range.

The inability of words to convey some of the most general features of reality is also enormous, but harder to describe. Imagine, for example, visiting your grandparent or parent, now old and close to death, in a nursing home. You look at this person

you love, and wonder if you will see each other again. Words can describe the bed, the sheets, the body posture, the skin, the eyes, the flowers and cards, the waterglass, the sounds from the hallway. But they cannot describe the relationship between all these and you, or the relationship between you and that person you love, or the relationship between you memories and that person's memories. Maybe words cannot describe relationships because relationships are invisible, at least to our bodily eyes. Because words cannot very well describe relationships, they cannot therefore well describe the sense of universal relatedness that we all share. We are all interrelated in this world, like instrumental sounds in a symphony or threads in a carpet. But our ordinary experience instead makes us feel, usually, like separate melodies floating in space. At times, though, we sense the richness, the complexity of reality. It is this sense of relatedness which words cannot convey.

A second general feature of reality that words are inadequate at conveying is the sense of wonder, which can emerge rather unexpectedly—for example, when you fall in love, or when you hear wind blowing through trees, or when you see a multitude of stars at night in a mountain sky. It can also come in the smallest, strangest circumstances—for example, when your cat has delivered a dead bird to your welcome mat at the from door; when you notice an ancient, wrinkled man jogging in a runner's outfit beside the road on your way to work; when you unexpectedly smell plumeria as you walk tired to you car at the end of the day. Startled by these happenings, we might ask wondering questions. Why is anything here at all? Why am I here? What is consciousness? Why is thought so marvelous and yet so fleeting? Questions like these emerge from our sense of wonder at being immersed in reality, while understanding it so little. Yet our sense of wonder is not these questions. What causes the sense of wonder is the dead bird on the doorstep, the jogging ancient, the blooming plumeria, and the thousand stars.

A third general quality of reality that words have difficulty conveying is the sense of the holiness of things. Sometimes we realize that sacredness is not only to be found in a church. The sense of sacredness can come upon us in a grove of trees, or in the rustle of grasses, or in odd questions of a child. At times like these we can suddenly realize that all that is is holy. We are not even quite sure what this statement means, but we know that it is true. In China this intuition has been symbolized in philosophy by saying that the Tao, or divine Way, is within all things.[6]

The Taoists loved to shock and often said that for the person with perfect insight, the Tao can be seen even "in the piss and the dung."[7] In Mahayana Buddhist thought, the same notion was expressed by saying that all things have the Buddha-nature.[8] In the Upanishads and the Vedantist schools of Hindu philosophy, we are told that all reality has at its core a divine nature, somehow beyond time and space.[9]

In the West, the same idea has not been so conspicuous, but has sometimes been expressed when saints and mystics have talked about living every day in "the presence of God,"[10] and have affirmed that "heaven and earth are full of His glory."[11] Walt Whitman spoke of it in other words: "Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from . . . ."[12]

How, though, can the sense of wonder, of richness, and of the holiness of the everyday be transmitted? Happily, human beings, after much experimentation, have found a handful of ways.

One of the ways, paradoxically, is poetry, which can use words in a supercharged way to lead us to experience the silent depths beyond words. Wordsworth is a poet of the last century who attempted this. Think, for example, of his memorable words which tell of:

> Something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.[13]

Imagist poets (often influenced by the poetry of ancient Greece, classical China, or Japan), such as e. e. cummings, Amy Lowell, William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, and Hilda Doolittle (who went by H. D.), I think, successfully help us to reach beyond words. Here I could offer a multitude of fine examples, but a few will be enough. From Amy Lowell comes this poem, "Meditation":

> A wise man,
> Watching the stars pass across the sky,
> Remarked:
> In the upper air the fireflies move more slowly.[14]

From e. e. cummings, there is this love lyric:

> somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
> any experience, your eyes have their silence

in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near.

* * * *

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility: whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries
rendering death and forever with each breathing[15]

One of the West's greatest achievements, though, and unmatched in Asia, has been the creation of harmonic music. The language of harmonic music was already well enough developed by the sixteenth century to enable church composers, such as Tallis and Byrd, to use music to suggest an underlying silence. It is present strongly in Tallis's 40-voice motet *Spem in Alium*, which uses multiple choirs to create an experience of great physical and psychological space. Perhaps the large stone churches, with their long resonances and echoes, inspired this kind of music. Its climax was reached in Bach and Mozart, who provide both religious and secular music that contains the silence I am trying to suggest. Bach's "Violin Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor," especially the middle movement, is full of this quality. In Mozart, this quality of silence that underlies the music is most apparent in his last three symphonies (39-41) and the last piano concerti (19-27). A century elapsed after Mozart, however, as composers experimented in the fairly new realm of secular symphonic music. The movement toward deliberate simplicity, notable after Wagner and Mahler, brought with it some wonderful creations of silence-filled music. Satie, Ravel, and Vaughan Williams are modern composers who, in my opinion, have been most frequently successful in this regard.

Painting can do it well, also. Much of the finest work of China has been lost, owing to the age and the fragility of the artworks, which were usually painted on silk or paper; but enough remains in the scroll paintings of nature, done by Taoist and Zen-inspired artists, to show us the great depth which this art revealed. The West has had notable success in painting, too, and some fine examples of similar depth can be found in the work of Turner, Monet, and more recently, Rothko.

To listen to the music I have mentioned and view the art I have spoken of will actually prove the point I am making: how impoverished my description is and how impoverished, in fact, is any description.

In the works of the artists, poets, and composers I have singled

out is a sense of great spaciousness, of calm, of timelessness. There is sometimes a "floating" quality and a blurring of sharp edges. Turner's treatment of clouds and mists is similar psychologically to Monet's treatment of waterlilies and Rothko's luminous squares of color, floating free on top of other colors. The major elements "float" free of limitation in an environment untouched by time. The same qualities can be found in the music I have mentioned. Note, for example, the floating quality of the violins as they enter repeatedly in the Bach "Concerto for Two Violins." Centuries later, a similar quality appears in Vaughan Williams's use of the solo violin in works like *The Lark Ascending*, the *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*, and the "Fifth Symphony." The result also suggests a dissolution of ego, which no longer needs to talk in order to assert itself, which rests in peaceful silence. The ego begins to float as freely as a cloud by Turner or a waterlily by Monet, and it finds itself submerged in the larger, silent reality of the universe.

Since much imagist poetry was influenced by the poetry of China and Japan, I think it is appropriate to offer such an example now. I would like to end with an example of words in which I think the unsayable had been said. It is a poem from the Zen tradition, and it has many of the qualities I have just spoken of above. In Zen, there is a tradition that a practitioner produce at least two poems that illustrate his or her level of awareness. One of these poems is expected after the experience of enlightenment. The other is expected when one is near death. There is therefore a whole genre of poetry that may be called the poetry of farewell, and it is somewhat akin to the collections of famous last words that were frequently made in past centuries in the West. My personal preference is the following Zen poem, a poem of farewell. In Zen the moon is symbolic of the deeper, unsayable nature of reality, and moonlight represents enlightened understanding of that deeper level of reality.

The poem was written by a girl, born in 1797 in Japan, who was the granddaughter of a famous general. This girl was so illustrious for her beauty and her poetic gifts that she was made a lady-in-waiting to the empress. She wanted to undergo Zen training in order to reach enlightened understanding, but her family did not at first permit it. After marriage and children, however, she finally was allowed to cut her hair and begin Zen training. The new name she took was Ryonen, which means "clear awareness." The years slipped by, until, at last, when she was in her sixties, she felt herself close to death. It was time for

her last poem, and this is what she wrote to mark her end:

> Sixty-six times have these eyes beheld the changing scene of autumn.
> I have said enough about moonlight,
> Ask no more.
> Only listen to the voice of pines and cedars when no wind stirs.[16]

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Notes

[1]Genesis 1; Proverbs 8; John 1.

[2]Helen Keller, *The Story of My Life* (New York: Dell, 1964), p. 34.

[3]From Wilde's remark about the cynic, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Act III; given in *Five Plays by Oscar Wilde* (New York: Bantam, 1961), p. 42.

[4]S. W. Holmes and Chimyo Horioka, *Zen Art for Meditation* (Rutland: Tuttle, 1986), p. 93.

[5]For a similar comparison in relation to art, see Aldous Huxley, *Heaven and Hell* (New York: Harper, 1955), p. 45 ff. and p. 95.

[6]*Tao Te Ching*, chapters 6, 8, and elsewhere.

[7]*Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings*, tr. Burton Watson (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 16.

[8]See, for example, Kukai, "The Precious Key to the Secret Treasury," in *Major Works*, tr. Y. Hakeda (New York: Columbia University Press, 1972), p. 162.

[9]See the Kena Upanishad, in *The Upanishads* (New York: Mentor, 1980), p. 31.

[10]See St. Simeon the New Theologian, "Three Methods of Attention and Prayer," in *Writings from the Philokalia on Prayer of the Heart* (London: Faber, 1962), p. 156.

[11]Isaiah 6:3.

[12]Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," sec. 24, in *Leaves of Grass* (New York: Norton, 1973), p. 53. I am grateful to Dorothy Schliemann for suggesting the use of this quotation and for her generous editorial assistance throughout.

[13]William Wordsworth, "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey . . .," lines 96-99; in A. W. Allison et al., edd., *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (New York: Norton, 1975), p. 233.

[14]In William Pratt, ed., *The Imagist Poem* (New York: Dutton, 1963), p. 91.

[15]E. E. Cummings, *100 Selected Poems* (New York: Grove, 1954), p. 44.

[16]Quoted in Paul Reps, *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones* (Garden City: Doubleday, n.d.), p. 46.

Forward Progress: The Progressive Era Reforming Impulse and the Transformation of College Football

By Douglas Dykstra

The American infatuation with sports in general and football in particular was rooted in the change of attitudes toward the use of leisure time which began during the nineteenth century. In its early years from 1869, football was boosted by a common perception that the game was a metaphor for life itself. Football would come under intense scrutiny due to the alarming incidence of fatalities on the field which fomented a crisis for the game in 1905. Although the survival of the game was in question at this time, its proponents and its critics managed to work out a program of temporarily acceptable reforms while creating a bureaucratic management structure (the National Collegiate Athletic Association) to carry the process of reexamination and reform into the future. A new style of play and the prospect of continued public approval was thereby insured. A dialectical process seems to have taken place wherein football benefited from a supportive set of consensus attitudes in the beginning. The process was challenged by a new wave of conscience-stricken reformers around the turn of the twentieth century, and it produced a new synthesis as a result of the response to the crisis of 1905.

The Consensus

Post-Civil War America provided a congenial environment which would nurture the development of organized sports in general and football in particular. American football took shape in an era of rapid economic growth, security, and national self-confidence. The sport was nurtured on the university campuses of eastern schools at the beginning, and it spread across the continent by the turn of the twentieth century. As America emerged in those years, reflecting the social patterns dominated by the laissez-faire rules of the marketplace, students playing the game aspired to leadership tempered by a sense of teamwork and loyalty within the loosely defined game rules. The one ostensibly unbreakable rule both in the marketplace and on the football

field during this age was "survival of the fittest." This Social Darwinist credo espoused so vibrantly by Yale University's Professor William Graham Sumner in the last decades of the nineteenth century implied the utility of games like football as a preparation for life as it had to be lived. Although the skills and activities of the players were never considered to be literally transferable to real life, the general competitive urge to dominate which the game instilled was transferable.[1]

Football had its own Social Darwinist who would mold its rules to suit the temper of the times. Yale University's graduate player and later unpaid football adviser, Walter Camp, rose to become a commanding presence on the Intercollegiate Football Association (I.F.A.) rules committee which had initially formed in 1876 when Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia sought to define a uniform code of rules for the game. Camp's persuasiveness and penchant for the innovative would ultimately turn the rules committee of the I.F.A. into a forum for his own opinions of the proper course of development for football.[2] In the 1880s, Camp had been the source of changes in football which transformed the game from its rugby-like format into a uniquely American rite of autumn. The scrimmage replaced the tedious scrummage, three downs to gain five yards (or lose ten) were provided to the team with possession of the ball, the gridiron chalk markings on the field, and the rationalization of game strategy through defining specific player positions and respective assignments were all developments credited to the man who has come to be known as the "father of football." In 1888, when Camp prevailed upon the rules committee to legalize below-the-waist tackling in order to balance off the relative advantages between defense and offense, his influence had reached its apex. This was illustrated in 1889 when he introduced his first annual All-American team and no one questioned his qualifications to do so.[3]

The new tackling rule had a harmful effect upon the game of football insofar as spectator attitudes were concerned. The ball carrier's increased vulnerability required new strategies for his protection from the tacklers. The flying wedge formation gave greater protection to the ball carrier in exchange for less visibility of the action for the spectator. Furthermore, the possibility of player injury which the wedge formations produced was greater; thus, the prospect of public disapproval was increased. The new style of play put a premium on the value of brawn and brute strength as the chief characteristic of the players. Camp

was able to prevail upon his associates on the rules committee to preserve the new more brutal look even though public opinion forced the prohibition of flying wedges by 1897.[4]

Walter Camp and his associates were philosophically opposed to tampering with the rules or for defining them with overly fine specificity. The laissez-faire approach which characterized nineteenth century governance style carried over to football, and Camp reinforced this attitude because he did not want to legislate spontaneity and innovativeness out of the game. This emphasis was not inconsistent with his later opposition to the innovative legalization of the forward pass because Camp seemed to want outlets for dynamic new developments within the boundaries of a game which tested the brawn and brute strength of combatants in a close quarters, primitive struggle for survival/victory. Within this context he took his cues from his brother-in-law, Professor William Graham Sumner, the proponent of absolute laissez-faire governance. Camp, like Sumner, believed that regulations should be kept to the absolute minimum necessary to guarantee order and regularity, thus maximizing personal freedom within the guidelines of general rules of order.[5]

The Challenge

The Gay Nineties was not as gay for the country or, for that matter, for football as popular history would have us believe. The panic of 1893 devastated the country as a whole with an unemployment rate which may have reached twenty-five percent of the work force. Agitation by the unemployed (Coxey's Army), unionized workers (the Pullman Strike), and discontented farmers (the Populist Party) embroiled the country and raised the level of social conscience. The critical self-examination which would ensue over the next quarter century would have an impact upon virtually all aspects of American life, including the games Americans played. The Progressive spirit which was born during this period of self-critique embraced an ethos which challenged the fondly held assumptions of Social Darwinist proponents of laissez faire governance. American institutions, including the institution of sport, were in for a dose of reform in order to preserve them intact.

The muckraking journalist, the professorial specialist, and the reformist politician were key figures who helped to mobilize the efforts of the public at large in the cause of reforming crusades. The muckraker awakened the conscience of the

people with his exposé articles and editorials, the specialist provided alternative techniques for rational and fair management of institutions targeted for reform, and the reformist politician shepherded the reforms through the legislative system.[6] These three elements were surely a functional part of the process by which football was brought to its 1905-06 crisis and then reformed (although Camp may have perceived it to be a lobotomy). E.L. Godkin (editor of *The Nation*) delivered a diatribe with barbs set specifically for football as early as 1894 when he decried the inconsistency of the game's appeal to atavism at a time when the perfection of a rationally managed nation called for leadership with a "capacity for high resolve, (and) noble aims." The barbaric nature of the power game as it was played at the time and the disturbing rise of commercialism attendant to the "big games" seemed to be poor preparation for the leaders of the future, insofar as Godkin was concerned.[7]

The unbridled optimism in man's capacity to overcome ostensibly deterministic laws of nature through guidance offered by educated specialists not only raised the prestige of the professorial expert as a useful contributor to society, but it entailed new troubles for football when professorial experts in physical education joined the vanguard of critics. Dudley Allen Sargent, director of Harvard's Hemenway Gymnasium, held a particularly prominent position from which to expound his profession's criticism of the direction which sport in general was taking. He spoke for others in his profession when he praised sport as one means to the rational development of a well-balanced physique while criticizing the trend toward concentration by individual athletes on one sport. Furthermore, Sargent opposed the unbalanced attention and support for varsity athletics to the exclusion of a comprehensive physical fitness program for the student body as a whole.[8] However, there was another body of even more specialized experts who would also have an impact on the evolution of football. The professional coaches and trainers were attempting to justify their existence, and ironically they tended to draw public attention to the problems with football in the process. Professional coaching and training techniques were self servingly touted as a preventative to the injuries which were becoming more numerous since the advent of the below-the-waist tackling rule. Athletes were supposed to feel not only deficient as performers, but also endangered if they had not received proper instruction in techniques of the game as well as expert training of their bodies to

withstand the rigors of the contest.[9] No doubt this propaganda for coaching had some validity, but the coaches were contributing to the public awareness of the game's dangers by taking this alarmist approach. When the admired expert concedes that the game is dangerous, the public is certain to become alarmed.

The reformist politician who contributed to football's transformation was President Theodore Roosevelt. The President at no time could be counted among the enemies of college football, but he was the self-proclaimed standard bearer of Progressive principles and a skilled mediator as his Nobel Peace Prize attests. He sought to make the public interest his concern; thus, he could not ignore the crescendo of criticism aimed at football after the turn of the century. His "good offices" and his influence would be brought to bear in an effort to reform football in order to preserve it. This quest was consistent with the main thrust of the Progressive reforms in general.[10] Furthermore, Roosevelt's son and namesake was playing freshman football at the President's Harvard alma mater during the 1905 season, and this gave "Teddy" a personal interest in the sport which had been denied to him by his own exceptionally poor eyesight. Kept in its proper perspective as an avocational facet of the total development of the student, Roosevelt believed that football was a "bully" experience and thus worthy of preservation.[11]

All elements previously described came about after the turn of the century to bring the 1905-06 crisis which would be a crucible for the modern form of football. In 1903, *The Educational Review* sensitized the faculty to the alarming incidents of serious injuries related to college football.[12] Faculty and administration morale and prestige as the guardians and shapers of minds, morals, and the health of their student charges were highly sensitized in any case. A vocal minority of college presidents and faculty took up the cause of subjecting football to a searching reexamination of its physical and moral effects upon participants, the college community, and the public[13]. President Charles Eliot of Harvard was particularly vociferous and influential (due to Harvard's academic prestige as well as to Harvard's pioneering role in the development of the game) as a proponent for banning a game which he felt was by now hopelessly impossible to reform. Eligibility and recruitment scandals at Columbia University added to the burden upon football and led the alumni of the New York school to agree that banning the game was appropriate in 1905.[14] On the west coast, presidential initiatives at both the University of California and at

Leland Stanford Jr. University culminated in the 1905 decision to replace football with the ostensibly safer and saner game of rugby. Although neither of these school's presidents expected their actions to start a national trend toward rugby, they did feel they were casting a vote for radical revision of football by banning the game for the moment until changes were made back east.[15]

As played in 1905, football reflected the brawn-over-brains conception of life as a primitive struggle for survival, but Progressive intellectuals were increasingly departing from Social Darwinian concepts to embrace Reform Darwinism. Mental acuity and the capacity for problem solving was the driving wheel of progress according to this school. Applied to football, this mental construct would imply modifications in the game which would require participants to hone their abilities to think quickly while also developing their bodies. The professorial critics of the game of football were open to the prospect of preserving the game if major reforms could be made to bring it in line with the brains-over-brawn "reality" of the Reform Darwinian view of civilization.[16]

The Crisis as a Crucible

The news media had picked up the storm warnings of trouble for college football, and it too contributed to the perception that a crisis was facing the game. Editorials, news coverage, and photos depicting the result of the carnage on the field and printed in the major papers of the country focused attention on the nineteen deaths and numerous serious injuries of the 1905 season.[17] President Roosevelt responded to the crescendo of mass media criticism of the game even before the end of the season by calling representatives of the Intercollegiate Football Association rules committee to a White House luncheon in October 1905. The front page coverage given to this meeting by the *New York Times* testifies to the newsworthiness of the story.[18] Representatives from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton attended, and the President described his intentions toward football as being similar to his philosophy of trustbusting wherein he would take action against "malefactors" but not all factors. He was hoping to gain a commitment from the conferees to employ their persuasiveness in an effort to expunge the dangerously rough aspects of the game so as to preserve it without lobotomizing it. Accordingly, Roosevelt's greatest attention was concentrated upon Walter Camp out of deference to his dominant influence over the rules committee. Camp's subsequent statement to the

press was indicative that he was in complete accord with the President's concerns, and he intended to give the question of reform a top priority.[19] Roosevelt's efforts had apparently started the process by which college football would save itself from the danger of a life-threatening crisis.

Appearances were deceiving, however, because the Camp-dominated rules committee produced an entirely inadequate program of changes at the end of the 1905 season. The philosophy of applying the least regulation necessary continued to guide Walter Camp in his approach to the game, and the I.F.A. rules committee presented a set of recommendations which called for no more than heavier penalties and sanctions against the most egregious forms of unnecessary roughness as well as the formation of a credentials board to guarantee proper training of football referees. Walter Camp was simply not yet conscious of the fact that the laissez faire approach to regulating American institutions was no longer acceptable. His committee's misjudgement of the situation unleashed a reaction which would bring an end to the system of student and alumni control over football while also opening the game up to a revolutionary new development in offensive strategy that would come to dominate it as it is played today.[20]

The vehicle for bringing momentous reforms to college football was already in the process of formation at the time that Camp issued his ill-advised and mild reforms. Chancellor Henry MacCracken of New York University had issued an open invitation for football playing colleges to send delegates to a conference in New York City which met on December 9, 1905, with representatives from thirteen schools attending. The death of an opposing player during the 1905 season in the N.Y.U. vs. Union College game had left MacCracken with a sense of stricken conscience which he hoped to expiate through vigorous reformist action on the broadest possible scale. The initial meeting came within two votes of recommending that the game of football be banned; thus, clearly the MacCracken initiated convention was open to the idea that safety had to come first.[21] President Roosevelt's dissatisfaction with the new rules proposed by Camp and his committee would be expressed by his subsequent support for the initiative about to be taken by the mavericks assembled with MacCracken. Prior to MacCracken's second meeting set for December 28, Roosevelt began to use his influence to guarantee that the new alternative would have the prestige necessary to challenge the "father of football." The

delegates to the second convention represented sixty-two schools, and they met to create the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States (name changed to National Collegiate Athletic Association—N.C.A.A.—in 1910) at a time when the preparations for a raid upon Camp's committee were already in the making.[22]

The weak link in the chain maintaining the solidarity of the Camp committee was William T. Reid, the professional coach of the Harvard football team. He was facing a potential disaster due to Harvard President Charles Eliot's success in convincing the faculty to vote in favor of banning the sport. Reid's salary (second only to that of President Eliot) was on the line as was the future of the 40,000 seat concrete arena constructed in 1903 for the express purpose of football spectating. The Harvard coach realized that the only way to salvage the sport at his institution was through the promulgation of radically new rules which had little chance of approval by Walter Camp. Working in collusion with members of the incipient N.C.A.A. and President Roosevelt, Reid prepared the strategy that would bring Camp down from the pinnacle.[23] Paul Dashiell (U.S. Naval Academy), the most prominent football referee in the country, was a member of the Camp committee who was prevailed upon by President Roosevelt to act in concert with Harvard's Reid to threaten resignation from Camp's committee if it did not cooperate with the broader based efforts of the N.C.A.A. to reform football. At no time did any of the conspirators intend to oust Camp entirely as a participant in the football rules making process. Instead, the proposal was for amalgamation of the two organizations, and the threatened sanction was that Reid and Dashiell would both bolt to the N.C.A.A. if no agreement was reached. Camp conceded defeat in January 1906, and a joint committee on football rules met with William Reid selected as its chief executive officer. A coup d'état had occurred.[24]

Coach Reid's behavior in 1906 was based largely on self-interest which would be served if he could convince his school and the public in general that football was flexible enough to respond to the concerns of the time. The subsequent rules changes offered by the Reid committee illustrated both a sensitivity to the safety problem which had fomented the crisis and, more significantly, a concern with the issue of spectator enjoyment of the game. Reid's leadership in this regard was characteristic of the interest of his fellow professionalized football coaches, most of whom were concentrated in middle western

universities. As early as 1897, the coaching profession had articulated its concern that the game should be played under rules that encouraged a more open, fluid, and fast-moving style. The goal was to develop a product with more commercial appeal, and the increased revenues which would flow could then give both the sport as well as the jobs of the coaches greater security. Faculty, administration, and alumni support for the N.C.A.A.-sponsored Reid rules committee no doubt also was influenced by the dual motivations of moral obligation to insure safety as well as a quest for the revenue and public relations benefits of an open game. In fact, the Harvard Board of Overseers overruled the faculty recommendation to ban football contingent upon the submission of acceptable new rules by Reid's committee.[25] Both Harvard's Board of Overseers and most of the country were satisfied by the outcome of the rules committee's deliberations. The most significant developments to emerge were 1) legalization of the forward pass (if thrown from five yards behind the line of scrimmage and from five yards to either side of the spot of the snap—thus the checkerboard chalk markings on the field which were retained until 1910 when the five-yard rule was dropped), 2) a ten-yard gain in three downs was required to encourage the use of end runs and passes, 3) six offensive linemen were required on the line of scrimmage and a one-yard neutral zone was required between the lines, 4) throwing or "hurdling" of ball carriers by their teammates was prohibited, 5) a central Board of Officials was established to guarantee the professional competence of football referees.[26] The innovative prospect of the forward pass may well have been the most important of the changes insofar as appeasing critics and appealing to fan interest was concerned. *The Nation*, which had lambasted football for years, now began to applaud the new development as a concession to the Reform Darwinist perception of brains over brawn. In addition, spectators during the 1906 season were smitten with curiosity about the new open game.[27] The crisis for college football was staunched for the time being.

Deaths on the playing field would once again plunge college football into a crisis in the 1909 season, but by this time the N.C.A.A. was established enough to respond with alacrity before momentum toward banning the sport was able to develop. Although Camp saved face by refusing to formally join the N.C.A.A., he continued to meet with its football rules committee on an ad hoc, joint committee basis. The point is that the machinery for altering the game was in place and functioning

efficiently because the rules committee operated on a majority rule basis unlike Camp's old committee, in which unanimous approval was required for rules changes.[28] Furthermore, the N.C.A.A. had decisively established the principle that the regulation of college athletics was to be in the hands of the college administration; thus, the public could be guaranteed that responsible professionals were in charge of regulating for physical safety as well as guaranteeing the integrity of the athletic programs insofar as recruitment and eligibility of athletes were concerned.[29] Finally, the N.C.A.A. was able to expunge unwarranted interference in athletics by corporate America in keeping with the trustbusting theme so prominent during the Progressive Era. The American Sports Publishing Company (a subsidiary of A.G. Spalding and Brothers) held the copyrights for rules publication in most sports, and it was purportedly overcharging the public as well as misleading them with the implication that only Spalding's company could be trusted to manufacture "official" sporting equipment. The N.C.A.A. worked with success from 1914 to bust this unfair relationship between Spalding and control over rules publication.[30] Athletic administration was now in the hands of regulators who could hold the trust of public opinion as it stood during the Progressive Era. Football would be the immediate beneficiary of this development both in the sense that public confidence in the sport would be reassured and in the sense that public interest in the sport would be enhanced.

The observation that sport reflects life holds true to a much greater extent than the surface comparison of competitive athletics to the struggle of life suggests. Indeed, the self-image and the prevailing values of society impinge upon the birth, development, and administration of the athletic games which society plays and watches. The Progressive Era reforming impulse personified by the leadership of Coach Reid and institutionalized by the N.C.A.A. bureaucratic network transformed college football in part to preserve the occupational self-interest of the coaching profession. However, mercenary motives were not the sole source of inspiration for the thoroughgoing reform process which was begun in 1905. University administrators and faculty including the coaching profession were imbued with the responsibility and obligation to guarantee the well being of their student charges. Self-interest modulated by a sincere understanding of professional obligations proved to be a fruitful combination. College football had become an institutionalized part of the American self-image and value system.

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Notes

[1]Glenn C. Altschuler and Martin W. LaForse, "From Brawn to Brains: Football and Evolutionary Thought," *Journal of Popular Culture*, 16, p. 75-76.

[2]Guy M. Lewis, "Theodore Roosevelt's Role in the 1905 Football Controversy," *The Research Quarterly*, 40, p. 718-719; Roberta J. Park, "From Football to Rugby and Back," *Journal of Sport History*, 11, p. 14-15; Ronald A. Smith, "Harvard and Columbia and a Reconsideration of the 1905-06 Football Crisis," *Journal of Sport History*, 8, p. 7-9; John S. Watterson, III, "The Football Crisis of 1909-1910: The Response of the Eastern Big Three," *Journal of Sport History*, 8, p. 34-36.

[3]Thomas G. Bergin, *The Game: The Harvard-Yale Football Rivalry, 1875-1983*, p. 9-37.

[4]*Ibid.* p. 49-58.

[5]Altschuler, p.75-76; John Chamberlain, *Farewell to Reform*, p. 9-17.

[6]Arthur A. Ekirch Jr., *Progressivism in America*, p. 9-33; Richard Hofstadter, *The Age of Reform*, p. 153-155.

[7]Altschuler, p. 79; Donald J. Mrozek, *Sport and American Mentality, 1880-1910*, p. 61-63.

[8]Mrozek, p. 69-73.

[9]*Ibid.*, p. 89-90.

[10]Chamberlain, p. 234-242, presents Teddy Roosevelt in a different light as an opportunistic careerist who espoused reform rather cynically; George E. Mowry, *The Era of Theodore Roosevelt*, p. 106-142.

[11]Lewis, p. 718-719.

[12]Altschuler, p. 82-83.

[13]Watterson, p. 35.

[14]Smith, p. 9.

[15]Park, p. 6-21.

[16]Altschuler, p. 75-79; Ekirch, p. 19-33.

[17]Altschuler, p. 79-83; Lewis, p. 717-718.

[18]*The New York Times*, Oct. 10, 1905, p.1.

[19]Altschuler, p. 83, suggest that President Roosevelt threatened to ban the sport by executive order, however, few other researchers agree with this; Lewis, p. 717-720; Smith, p. 10-11.

[20]Lewis, p. 721-722; Park, p. 14-15.

[21]Jack Falla, *NCAA:The Voice of College Sports*, p. 1-18; Smith, p. 11-15.

[22]*Ibid.*

[23]Lewis, p. 722-724; Smith, p. 11-15.

[24]Falla, p. 14-17; Lewis, p. 722-724; Smith, p. 11-15.

[25]Lewis, p. 718-719; Smith, p. 11-15; Bergin, p. 90-93.

[26]Altschuler, p. 83-87; Falla, p. 15-17.

[27]Bergin, p. 90-93; Watterson, p. 33-46, explains that in addition to other restrictions prior to 1910, the forward passing team faced loss of down and a penalty if the pass fell incomplete. Naturally very few passes were thrown in these early days.

[28]Watterson, p. 33-46.

[29]Falla, p. 18-30.

[30]*Ibid.*, p. 48-58.

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My Chinese Girl

Driving with my Chinese girl
Chin, she said, "Stop,
There's a mango on the road."
Getting out, laughing, "Chinese
You know." I know she means
Their natural racial wisdom of
Nothing wasted dictated by
Thousands of years of millions of
Starved Chinese corpses.

These forgotten forebears still
Sing their song in the blood
To survivors down through centuries:
"Waste not."

Following this imperative, she
Brings it to the car.
On examination though, it's black;
Full of holes. A mango corpse.
"Huh! No good," she says,
Tossing it aside.
"We want survivor mangoes!"

—*John Conner*

John Conner, *an instructor of literature at Leeward Community College, received English degrees from the University of Notre Dame and Indiana University. He is completing his twentieth year in the University of Hawaii, with three years in the UH Manoa English department and 17 years at Leeward Community College. For six years he served as divisional administrative committee chair of Leeward's arts and humanities division. His specialty is Japanese literature, and he has been instrumental in developing a sister school relationship between Leeward and Beppu University in Kyushu, Japan. He is married to Chin Conner from Thailand and is the father of two sons, Christopher and Matthew.*

The Songs of Sappho Revisited

By Bethany L. Thomas

The Homeric poems with the heroes and gods of early Greece faded into the mists of the past by the fifth century B.C. Athens had borne the brilliant twins, democracy and individuality, at almost the same instant in history. The semi-primitive courts and palaces and the half-mythical family lineages had given way to a new society. Long ago the melodies of the traditional ballad singers had given way to this new society. Long ago the melodies of the lyre had been delicately combined with the richness of the Greek language. Homer's poetry reached epic perfection in Ionia, on the southern shores of Asia Minor, and from there it stretched across the shores of the Aegean to become the prized possession of all educated Greeks.

Just to the North of Ionia, lyric poetry emerged in Aeolia. Homer's verses struck a vibrant chord in the heart of every Greek familiar with them, but lyric poetry emerged independently, some would say, miraculously. The lyricists' contribution was so original, it is almost as though they never heard of Homer. For unlike oral traditionalists, the lyricist completely omits the entire narrative framework of the past glories of gods and heroes, supplying in its stead another ingredient, an ingredient we would expect of an age that places value upon the individual; the ingredient of intense personal conviction reflecting the emotions and passions of the singer. When we speak of the passions of the lyric poet the word passion is generally used in the Wordsworthian sense, "to typify feeling as being a source," rather than an aftermath, of sense experience.

In the seventh century on the isle of Lesbos, the leisurely life of the aristocracy allowed a great deal of freedom. The men participated in the broad social spheres of politics, athletics, scholarship, and commerce, even relishing the sheer delight of such simple pleasures as eating and drinking. The women of Lesbos were born with the same individual glow that was common only to Greece. They had a narrower field for expres-

sion; but what is unique to Lesbos is that they were allowed to express it at all.[1] Academies were established in Lesbos for the training of young aristocratic girls in the arts. In just such a school, a spark of genius kindled the lamp of lyrical poetry, so that its brightness flickered down through the centuries. The source of this passionate flame was a woman named Sappho.

Sappho was an aristocrat. She was born in Mytilene on Lesbos around 612 B.C., but spent her early life in Syracuse on Sicily, thus she traveled the known eastern Mediterranean world. She spent most of her life in Mytilene, dedicated to her academy of girls, where she was at once their mother, their sister, their mentor, and the only touchstone upon which they could approach the creative flourishings of ancient Greece.

The renowned lyric poet Alcaeus, a contemporary of Sappho, could sing of love, politics, wine, and food, but perhaps this broad social perspective common to the men of Lesbos gave a shallower dimension to his poetry; whereas, the narrower borders of Sappho's world contributed to the genuine intensity of her feelings. Sappho sang of love as though it were an external emotion or experience apart from her. Her outpourings were intense and pure. Sappho *is* love; whereas, the "love poets" of our Western romance literature merely write *about* love.

Strangely enough, the verses of Sappho are intellectual, and they are not physical, as we might expect them to be. Her disciplined mind reached the height of expression because her poetry was written in direct phrases and in the simple metre which was invented by her:

She honored you like a goddess and took pleasure
most of all in your dancing.
Now she is preeminent among the women of Lydia,
as the rosy-fingered moon when the sun has set
stands out among the stars. Her light shines forth
upon the salt sea and on the flowery meadows
and the fair dew is spread about and roses bloom
and soft chervil and flowery melilot
and often she walks back and forth and in her desire
remembers gentle Atthis, and her heart is consumed . . .

Or again:

"The truth is, I wish I were dead." She left me
often, and she said this, "Oh what a cruel fate is ours,
Sappho, yes. I leave you against my will."

And I answered her: "Farewell, go and remember me,
for you know how we cared for you."
"If you do remember, I want to remind you . . .
and were happy . . . of violets . . .
you sat beside me and with woven garlands
made of flowers around your soft neck
and with perfume, royal, rich . . . you anointed yourself
and on soft beds you would drive out your passion
and then . . . sanctuary . . . was . . . from which we were
away . . .[2,3]

The quality of lyric poetry that followed Sappho's fell well within the margins of her style, so it was never quite as good, nor quite as fresh, nor quite as passionate in its appeal. Though only a few fragments of Sappho's lines remain with us today, with the exception of her flawless "Ode to Aphrodite," we know that she wrote on a wide range of subjects. No lyric poet after her could surpass her talent. The range of her intellect exhausted the lyric themes. Whatever the subject of Sappho's poetry, they all bore the same translucent quality.

"Now I will sing to my fellow-women delightful things," so one of the fragments runs. Of the delightful things, love was the first, but there were many others; the Muses, " . . . who made me precious, giving me their own crafts," did not narrow their gift to the art of love.[4] Plato referred to her as "the tenth Muse," indicating both the power of her poetry and that she had an abundance of talents.[5]

The Athenian world of rationality and logic had no place in it for the delicate sensations of love poetry written by a woman. Dramatists ridiculed the Sapphic legend on their stages, finding in her eye for beauty and in her remarkable felicity for the use of language a source of ribald humor. Greek playwrights such as Aristophanes, who ridiculed most public figures, paid Sappho the highest compliment by suggesting that she wasn't even a woman, but that she must have been a man. It was the humorous way in which he could explain her public acclaim and lyric genius to the mostly male audiences. To Aristophanes, " . . . gynocracy, women's power, simultaneously represents the apex of the ridiculous and the dramatic."[6]

In the patriarchic world of the Greek citizenry where ideal or romantic love (agape) was restricted to males only, it seemed impossible that a female could actually love and identify with other females, much less be a lyrical genius of public renown.[7] The Proper Ladies in Greek society were supposed to be unseen

and unheard, secluded within the private quarters of the home (gynaecaeum).[8] Upper class Greek wives were forbidden to shop at the market place (agora) without the company of a male servant; they were not usually allowed to attend public performances at the theatre or the Olympic games. Most importantly, they were not supposed to be famous. Sappho's genius not only burst the seams of Greece's otherwise seamless society, but she comes to our notice here in the 20th century as being a figure worth much more attention than critical historical scholarship has given her. Besides the problem of the lack of readily available primary historical sources, there is the notion current among scholars that everything that can be known about Sappho is already known and it is tainted because she stepped outside of the normal circle of behavior prescribed for women in Classical Greek society. This brief profile is designed to perhaps rekindle our historical interest in her and at least reopen her case for more critical historical evaluation.

In my opinion, Sappho's life and work has been largely misinterpreted. Her poetry was defaced by Athenian vulgarity,[4] and the emotional effect of her lines is so powerful that in translation one inevitably dilutes, deflates, and distorts it.[9] To the writers of Middle Comedy, and to the following ages of vicious morals and narrow prejudices (Rossetti and Voltaire), a personality like that of Sappho was unintelligible. Her poetry frankly overcame the reticence expected of women, and no famous poetess since Sappho has accomplished this again without suffering great personal loss.[10] Sadly, regardless of the theme, most women write in a style imitative of men, having lost the divine fire that Sappho breathed into her verses. Sad, too, is the tradition that beclouds Sappho's name just because she became famous, or burst the creative seam of a patriarchic society.[11,12]

There is a legend that Sappho threw herself from the cliffs of a Leucadian promontory when she found her love for a young man named Phaon unrequited.[13] In 1819, an Austrian dramatist named Franz Grillparzer wrote a successful play on this slim tradition. In it he builds a poetic symbolism, developing Sappho's love for Phaon and her love for the beautiful maiden Melitta as a conflict between art and the physical pleasures of life. Thus Sappho is depicted choosing her art (and homoeroticism) as a result of her rejection by the one man she loved. This is the tradition that is most closely associated with our modern view of Sappho.

Historically, there is evidence that Sappho's life was not a tragic one or even different, but it is largely ignored by mainstream scholars. For instance, it is known that Sappho lived with her parents in Sicily (between the years 604 and 595 B.C.) as a political exile during the rule of a hated tyrant. They returned to Mytilene, where Sappho then married. She had several children, most of them girls. Her daughters appear by name from time to time in her verses:

> *I have a lovely child, whose form is like*
> *Gold flowers, my heart's one pleasure, Cleis,*
> *For whom I'd not give all Lydia, nor fair . . .*[14]

Thus, in passionate lyric poetry, the girl or girls she loved were sometimes her own. Thus far, she is not known to have written any poetry addressed to men. Since we only possess tantalizing fragments of her work we do not yet know just how often her love poetry was addressed to members of her family.

Sappho herself would probably be amused at the historical paradox her poetry and fame produced. Although her verses breathed a divine fire she approached her own death with an apparent inner peace which allowed her to write the following verse, addressed to her daughter from her deathbed. It seems a fitting note with which to conclude this brief paper:

> *It is not right that there*
> *be mourning in the house of*
> *poetry; this befits not us.*[15]

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Notes

[1]Eva Cantarella, *Pandora's Daughters: the Role of Women in Greek and Roman Antiquity*, p. 71.

[2]G. Norwood, *The Writers of Greece*, p. 38.

[3]Cantarella, p. 72.

[4]J. W. Mackail, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, p. 102.

[5]Sarah B. Pomeroy, *Goddesses, Whores, Wives and Slaves: Women in Classical Antiquity*, p. 55.

[6]Cantarella, p. 71.

[7]Kevin Reilly, *The West and the World: A Topical History of Civilization*, p. 103.

[8]Mary Poovey, *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer*. The capitalized use of Proper Lady is intended to convey Poovey's thematic use of the term as it applies to women whose actions are prescribed (not described) by men in a patriarchic society. My remarks in this instance are addressed to describing the Proper Lady in Greek antiquity, rather than the exceptions.

[9]Kenneth Rothrock. *Classics, Revisited*, p. 29.

[10]The works and lives of Emily Dickinson and Sylvia Plath serve as examples of women poets making extreme sacrifices for their art—Dickinson, living a life of seclusion, publishing only in her twilight years, or posthumously; and Sylvia Plath, whose tragic life ended in suicide when she was at the peak of her poetic powers.

[11]Pomeroy, pp. 54-55.

[12]Poovey, pp. 3-47.

[13]Pomeroy, pp. 54-55.

[14]*Ibid.*, p. 54.

[15]T.A. Sinclair, *A History of Classical Greek Literature*, p. 107.

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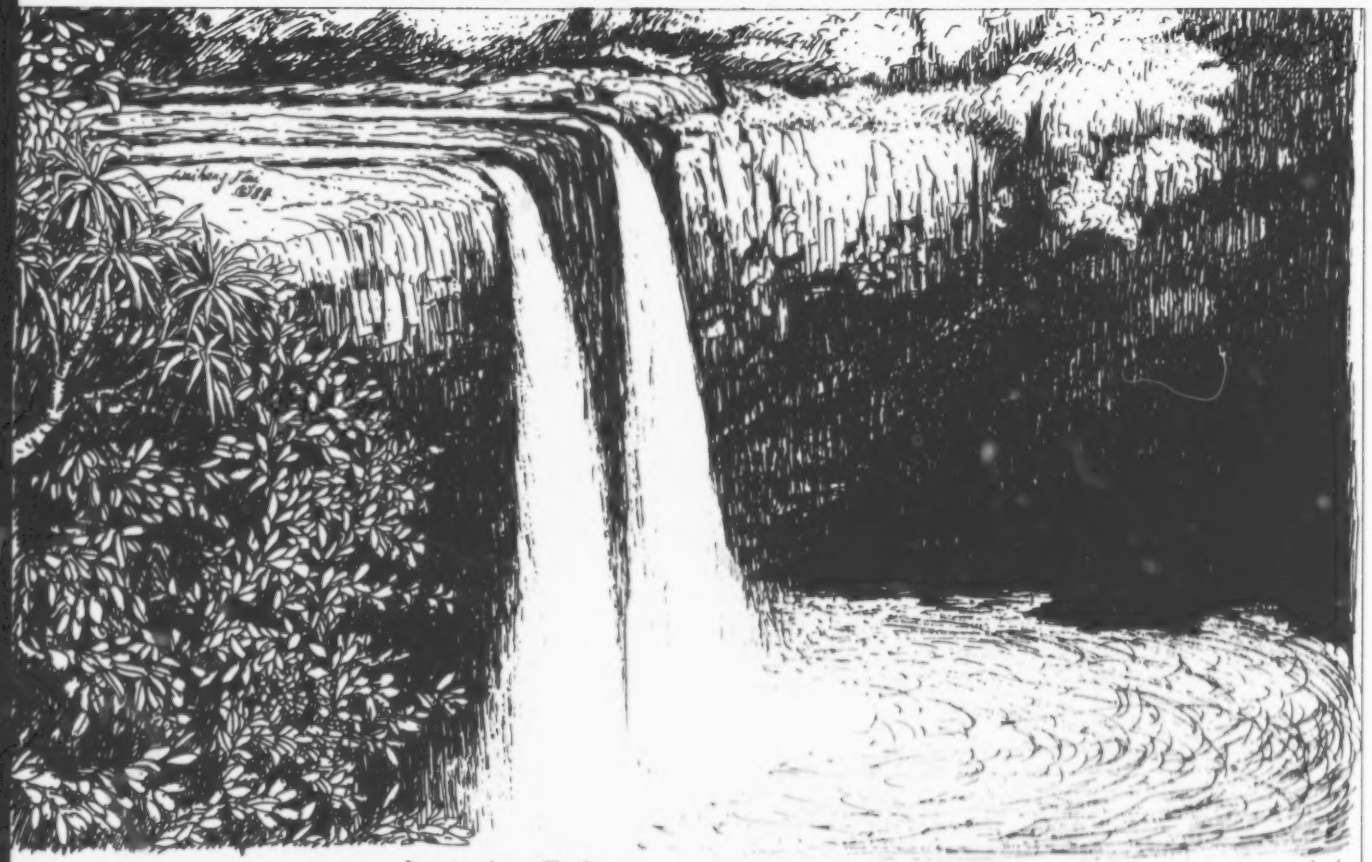

"Wailua Falls"

Pen & Ink drawing by Waihong Lai

The Last of the 'O'opus?

Editor's note

The place was the Writing Across the Curriculum Institute of the Hawaii Writing Project, Kapiolani Community College. The time was early summer, 1987. The purpose was to explore and to discover innovative ways to use writing in the classroom.

The idea was to take risks, to experiment with new strategies and unfamiliar forms of writing. Amadeo Timbol, the only official scientist among the Institute fellows, did.

He was not new to writing; he had written a doctoral dissertation as well as scientific and technical articles for professional journals. Neither was he new to cross-curricular writing; at Kauai Community College, he had encouraged his students to experiment with creative report writing.

Until the Institute, however, he had never personally tried his hand at imaginative scientific writing. He decided to experiment, and the result was "'O'opus." It first appeared in print in "Whatevahs: A Compendium of Writing by the Fellows of the Writing Across the Curriculum Institute, Summer 1987," an unpublished manuscript edited by Charles Miller, a writing specialist at Honolulu Community College and an Institute fellow.

The original article was revised for publication in this journal. The editors and members of the editorial board feel that an article such as "'O'opus," which is unorthodox, has a place in Pleiades *precisely because it is innovative and, in a very real sense, bold. J. S.*

By Amadeo S. Timbol

Background

Hanalei River on Kauai is one of the few remaining pristine streams in Hawaii. The wetland through which its waters meander is uniquely scenic. It is also well-known to the scientific community for its endemic goby fishes, locally known as 'o'opus which are found naturally in Hawaii only.

There is a proposal to harness the strong flowing waters of Hanalei to generate electricity. To do this, water has to be diverted from the river channels at a higher elevation, conveyed in gigantic pipes to the turbine blades. The force of rushing water will run the electric generators. The powerhouse containing the generators will be located near the wetland at a lower elevation. Here, diverted water will be returned to the river.

The story that follows imagines the reaction of three goby fishes to the proposed hydroelectric facility. The gobies are given the human characteristics of speech and social organization. Each species is referred to as a tribe; each tribe led by a chief.

Chief Nā.kea is talking to a young nā.kea.

"What do you mean dewatering our residence to generate electricity? Where did you get that information?" Chief Nā.kea is loud as usual. He cannot help it. He was born that way.

Young Nā.kea responds, almost in tears, "Oh Great Chief, I overheard it while I was behind a boulder hiding from one of those humans who wear those funny looking Elton John glasses. He was carrying a mean looking stick."

"That human is a spear fisherman. Why would he want to dewater our river? Without water, we will die. Without us, he will not have anything to spear. What will he do with his Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays? Suck-em up with Primo?" asks the Chief.

"No! No! Great One," says Young Nā.kea, "it comes from a strange looking fellow talking with the spear fisherman."

Chief Nā.kea, upon hearing such bad news, grows angry, paces back and forth, and calls for his runners. He asks them to go to the nō.pili and hi'u kole tribes and invite their chiefs to a conference. The hi'u kole tribe lives in the upper elevations, the nō.pili in mid-elevations, but the nā.kea can be found in all elevations. Of course, by common consent, all are free to live in

any part of the river.

By tradition, the conference site is at mid-elevation where the water is clear and fast running at mid-channel but slower flowing near both banks. Chief Nā.kea calls this area "The 'O'opu Center of Performing Arts," although the hi'u kole and nō.pili chiefs secretly refer to it as "The Pulpit." The site has something for every tribe: strong, fast flowing, cool, clear water for the hi'u kole and nō.pili, slower flowing water for the nā.kea.

Chief Nā.kea arrives on time for the conference, in a white outfit. His coat and pants have a series of gray horizontal bars starting below his armpits down through his trousers on both sides of his body.

His moccasins appear light gray, but if one looks at his shoes carefully, they are striped gray on white background, not unlike the New York Yankee's baseball uniform. He arrives with a coterie of subchiefs and various other hangers-on. Even one or two nā.kea females with several children can be seen. Chief Nā.kea sits on a smooth boulder in slow flowing, clear, cool, not-so-deep water. All the others sit below the boulder in deference to their chief.

He waits for the other two chiefs, Nō.pili and Hi'u kole. Time passes by slowly. Chief Nā.kea finds himself muttering to nobody in particular, "That blankety blank Nō.pili, he is so vain! Always he comes late. Why must he always wear that oversized headgear that trails down his backside? He looks like a midget iguana. And yuck, a black tuxedo with luminescent, vertical blue stripes on his pants. My god, he looks like one of those West Pointers when he removes his headgear. Instead of spending so much time on his clothes, he should pay more attention to his women. His tribe is diminishing. Pretty soon, he will be one lonely Nō.pili waiting for his death, alone. Such behavior could mean the end of his tribe. He will go the way of the 'o'o. Yeah, extinction, I tell you."

Chief Nā.kea turns slowly towards his right, shifting his weight from left to right. He catches a glimpse of his favorite female. She with the plump hips. He struts toward her but stops at the edge of the boulder, then gives her a meaningful glance. In turn, the female wiggles her hips, ever so slightly, demurely. The implications of such response in the female nā.kea are very well known to the chief. Now he wishes that Nō.pili and Hi'u kole would arrive pretty soon. If the purpose of this meeting were not so important, he would leave this minute and spend his time on a more pleasurable pursuit.

Another ten minutes of waiting aggravates Chief Nā.kea to the verge of fury. He is now hyperventilating. His mouth is opening and closing in a rapid cadence, his nostrils flaring.

"And that Hi'u kole! I bet you he is still asleep. He sleeps the whole day and goes prowling from dusk to dawn. Imagine, he would not be seen without his olive brown shirt and his bright scarlet red pants. So vain! So chauvinistic! What tribe would limit such colorful attire to the males only? Why, their women wear nothing but loosely fitting drab brown outfits. No ornaments yet!!!!"

Chief Nō.pili arrives with a couple of younger ones. They are all similarly attired, like West Point cadets in their dress blues. Chief Nō.pili, looking like a drill sargeant, sits on a boulder in a stronger flowing part of the stream, not far from Chief Nā.kea's. The younger companions sit near him on the same boulder. Because of their dark outfits, the nō.pilis appear smaller than they actually are. On closer look, the two younger ones do not look exactly alike. One is a smaller version of the chief with that oversized headgear trailing behind his back. The other has less prominent headgear and is rounder at the hips.

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A little later, Chief Hi'u kole arrives, alone. He is in his usual resplendent crisp, brown-scarlet red outfit. He looks first at Chief Nā.kea, then at Chief Nō.pili, chooses a smaller boulder in the strongest flowing part of the channel and sits. His eyes are bleary and reddish. In an obviously bored voice, he addresses Chief Nā.kea, "I was looking for my alternate bodyguard or anyone of my tribe but cannot find any. My regular bodyguard, nay, my friend and companion is busy replacing a busted string on my favorite guitar. I am entertaining tonight."

Chief Nā.kea, stretching himself to the fullest, appears larger than he actually is. To the other two chiefs, he is a giant, and they sit before him in awe.

"Beloved brothers, I called this meeting to discuss matters that would affect us all. I am referring to the proposed hydroelectric facility planned for our river. I am sure you must have heard about it by now. What are you opinions, my brothers?" booms Chief Nā.kea.

Chief Hi'u kole is the first to speak.

"If such facility comes to pass, it could mean the end of my tribe in this river. Already, there are only a few of us left. Remember, most of my tribe live farther up the river, farther upstream of the proposed diversion weir. Our hunting grounds

and playgrounds are within the potentially dewatered channels."

And Chief Hi'u kole, remembering long forgotten glory, sits up straight, inflates his chest in pride, continues, "As you well know, my tribe was the pioneer in this river. Our ancestors blazed the trails for you to follow. With great difficulty, my ancestors climbed sheer "land cliffs" to leave the ocean. Many of them died from lack of salts, variable water temperatures, and fluctuating water flow. It took a long time for their survivors to get used to new environmental conditions. As you know, we have not yet recovered our original numbers. I am entertaining thoughts that we never will.

"We prefer clear, cool, deep, strong flowing water. Anything less than that would probably kill most of us. Our respiratory system cannot extract enough oxygen from slow flowing, warm water to sustain life. In addition, shallower waters will make the males of our tribe easier to see from the air, leaving us vulnerable to those pesky white egret birds. Our male population could be wiped out and with them our tribe. If we do not asphyxiate all at once first."

By the time Chief Hi'u kole finishes, he has lost his colors and appears wilted. In the process of talking, he has realized the implications of the hydropower facility to his tribe. Now, dark ugly thoughts occupy his mind. He can visualize of dead relatives, friends, and tribe members.

Chief Nā.kea acknowledges that he has heard what was said and looks at Chief Nō.pili. Without waiting for any word, Chief Nō.pili starts to talk.

"The concerns of brother Hi'u kole are serious. They are also my concerns and much more so. Most of the adults of my tribe live in the potentially dewatered channels. Like the hi'u koles, we love cool, fresh, strong flowing water. Aside from what he has already said, my tribe and I are sure the hi'u koles too, are highly vulnerable to hydrocarbons. A drop of oil or gasoline in the vicinity of our homes will poison us. These hydrocarbons could come from the vehicles used in construction. A drop here, a drop there, would mean a dozen nō.pilis dead here, another dozen dead there. My brother Chief Hi'u kole has also failed to mention the inevitable siltation that will follow road construction. Fine soil will clog our respiratory system, preventing us from obtaining enough oxygen. Have you ever seen somebody die of emphysema? I, too, foresee the demise of our tribe in this river, probably later than the hi'u kole tribe. I am sure nō.pilis

from other streams will try to reinforce us by sending their young. It will only prolong our suffering."

Chief Nō.pili is crestfallen after talking. His oversized headgear appears flat on his back. His blue trim has faded. He feels old. He looks at his son and his son's new bride with pity. But, unlike Hi'u kole, who appears ready to accept the worst, Nō.pili hopes for a different end. He has trained his son and successor very well. His son, he knows, will lead his tribe brilliantly and they will overcome any adversity. At least, that is his hope.

Chief Nā.kea, large and white, his black bars providing a good contrast, harrumphs and growls, shuffles along the edge of his bóulder, stopping and looking directly at his two puny but colorful brother chiefs.

"If I may make a comment, brothers," he says. "You may want to look at my tribe. We are much more numerous than any of you. Because we are larger, our wives produce more babies. Under adverse conditions, which tribe will have more survivors? Mine of course! Learn a lesson or two from us!

"And another thing, both of you and your kind. Do not be so picky as to where you live. Clean, clear, strong flowing water is good. It is the best. I love it, we all love it! But for your future survival, train your members as I have done mine to survive in turbid, warm, slow flowing water. Any water is better than no water. Living in marginally livable homes and environment is better than not living at all. Do not be too proud or stubborn. Learn to adjust. The cool, clean and strongly flowing waters of yesterday and today may be numbered. Please, brothers, adjust before it is too late!"

He holds up his hands to signal *stop* to Chief Nō.pili and Chief Hi'u kole who have jumped to their feet at the same time.

"That is not all!" he continues. "With all due respect to your birthing preferences, there is some leeway for improvement to enhance survival. First, like we do, I suggest that you send all your pregnant females down near the mouth of the river to deliver their babies. The babies can float out to sea for their normal development in a shorter time than if they were born in the higher elevations where you live. Our life style is better than either of yours and you can see this in our size and numbers."

Nā.kea's harangue about accepting second rate housing rankles Nō.pili. In his mind, he says, "This chief of Nō.pili warriors will accept nothing but the best. These clear, cool, fast

running waters are ours, have been long before Captain Cook's time. There is no price we are not willing to pay to hold on to what we have. If the tribe is wiped out, so be it. Better dead than substandard."

Nō.pili is really ticked off. But he holds his peace and hears himself saying, "That is exactly what we do now. It is a matter of numbers. Since we are less numerous to start with, there are fewer of us in the end. Besides, so many of our young returning from the ocean die near the mouth of the river from hydrocarbon poisoning caused by boat engines. You cannot fault our reproductive habits or our style of bringing up our babies." He then falls silent, still secretly fuming.

It is Chief Hi'u kole's turn.

"We have not informed you about having changed our original reproductive habits, but we have. Early in our pioneering days, we sent our babies to the ocean where they stay up to as long as seven months. But so few of our babies returned. There were too many hazards there. So little by little we developed the habit of giving birth to our young where we lived and looked after them in our community. There are very few of us because of the huge casualties we suffered during our pioneering days. We now have a limited gene pool. Because of this, we can only change a few ways so that a change in environmental conditions will affect us more than the nā.keas and the nō.pilis. However, I will inform my tribe of your other suggestions, if I can locate any of them."

Chief Nā.kea, unaware of Nō.pili's contempt, always the pragmatist, asks for suggestions.

Chief Hi'u kole speaks first.

"I know of two scientists who studied and still are studying our behavior, especially during breeding season. At first we were afraid of them, thinking that they were out to catch us for their aquaria, or worse, for their pickle bottles. Month after month, year after year, they have come to the same boulder, patiently waiting for one of our males and several of our females to appear. It seems that they want to know what we do before, during, and after mating. They are so fascinated with this particular behavior that we have learned to expect them on weekends.

"As chief, I assign at least one male and one female to perform for their benefit, not the copulation part mind you, but the courtship dance. We really do not have a courtship dance, but

we hate to disappoint such nice people. We developed a series of movements which we labeled Courtship I and Courtship II especially for their viewing. When the regular performers are busy with something else, I pick any pair and tell them to wing it, improvise. You should see the two scientists scribbling furiously with each new improvisation. I sure would like to read what they write about our sex life.

"I am quite sure that these two scientists will help us in stopping the construction of the hydroelectric facility. Our demise in this river will make it more difficult for them to continue their behavioral study."

Chief Nā.kea is pleasantly surprised by Hi'u kole's answer. Silently, he tells himself, "Hey, hey! This night prowler shows originality and logic. Of course the scientists will help! I also like his open-ended instructions to his dancers. I can imagine the chagrin his scientist-friends experience over non-conforming courtship steps. They have to either throw such courtship steps out of their data or use a statistical significance test other than the much simpler student t-test."

After this soliloquy, Nā.kea hears himself concur with Chief Hi'u kole in his usual loud voice, "I agree. We nā.keas, in turn, will ask the several spear and net fishermen to help out."

It is Chief Nō.pili's turn. He, too, is taken in by Hi'u kole's talent which he calls "logic with a dash of mischief." Like Nā.kea, he favors the idea of asking for help from scientists and other users of the river.

"I, too, know of several fish biologists who are studying our natural history. We will talk to them next time they come. Saturday or Sunday is a good time to find them on the river," Nō.pili says.

Talking about their mutual concerns leads to a collective sigh of relief. As is the custom when all three leaders meet, they exchange the latest gossip. This time, Chief Nā.kea has a juicy one.

With a hint of sparkle in his eyes and a suppressed smile on his lips, Chief Nā.kea relates the lates development in his tribe.

"All of you know my younger brother Sebastian who aspires to succeed me?" All present nod in agreement, for who can forget him as big and as strong as an ox with a matching appetite. Nor can they forget the all-day and all-night battle between Chief Nā.kea and Sebastian for the nā.kea tribal leadership.

"Well, Sebastian is no more."

Chief Nā.kea continues, "His appetite did him in. As far as I can tell, it happened last summer when two snorkelers were swimming up and down his favorite hangout. One was dropping lead weights with yellow flags at ever 'o'opu he saw. I think that he was trying to scare the 'o'opus away. The second snorkeler picked up the lead weights and pounded on the spot a piece of rebar. I think that the resulting noise is designed to break our eardrums so that they can sneak up on us later.

"Anyway, Sebastian hated the high metallic pitch that the pounding produced and quickly concluded that the pounding would stop if there were no lead weights. So he swallowed each lead weight that the first snorkeler dropped. He was on his twelfth lead weight when he stopped dead in his tracks. With the greatest of effort, Sebastian crawled under a large boulder and decided to sleep it off as he always did after a heavy meal. According to his companions, Sebastian is still asleep under the boulder. I say he is dead."

At first Chiefs Nō.pili and Hi'u kole appear to be sad, but the thought that Sebastian, the bully brother of Chief Nā.kea, is no longer among them leads to a giggle, then to boisterous laughter.

The noise attracts a couple of passers-by, an old man carrying a yellow bucket with a can of worms and a young boy, Preston Luke, with a bamboo pole that has seen better days. Preston Luke, aware that any sudden movement or loud noise will frighten the 'o'opus into hiding, speaks softly to the old man.

"May I try to catch the large nā.kea, Grandpa?" Without waiting for an answer, he continues. "What do you call the 'o'opus in your language? I know that you already told me, but I forgot."

The old man, irritated by the young boy's underdeveloped long-term memory, answers softly at first, then loudly.

"Bunog, B-U-N-O-G! Remember that, Preston Luke, remember that!"

Preston Luke reflexively answers in a still louder voice.

"Yes, Grandpa, Suh!"

The suddenly heated exchange between the two fishermen shatters the quiet of the valley. The 'o'opus scamper every which way, and in a flash none can be seen.

Amadeo S. Timbol is a science instructor at Kauai Community College. A native of the Philippines, he holds M.S. and Ph.D. degrees in zoology from the University of Hawaii at Manoa. Although he has been published in scientific and technical journals, the 'o'opu article is his first in this genre. He credits John A. Maciolek for his introduction to the 'o'opu and the good humor of his wife, Hannah, for living with his continued love affair with these fish.

Review: *The Closing of the American Mind—How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students* by Allan Bloom

By John Conner

Allan Bloom, a much respected and experienced philosophy professor at the University of Chicago, has, to his own great surprise, succeeded in writing this year's blockbuster academic treatise that has managed to reach the top of the best-seller lists. Excoriating the university and higher education in America for failing to maintain their traditional purpose of "searching for the good life," Bloom contends that the failure fundamentally stems from a surrender to 1960s style relativism and intellectual egalitarianism and their concomitant "values" of openness and tolerance. This, he feels, precludes any serious, discriminating search by today's university student for the good and the true in life as opposed to the false and the bad.

To the extent that the university has "sold out" to contemporary American values of commercialism, materialism and "going with the flow," Professor Bloom's book is also a sweeping indictment of our culture's shallow self-indulgence and lack of moral fiber. This he attributes fundamentally to the loss of political, religious, and family traditions which defined our basic moral Americaness in a coherent national vision.

The universities have abdicated their role in fostering that vision and have instead pandered to the prevailing status quo of careerism. Thus the MBA is "now the moral equivalent of the MD or law degree as it insures a lucrative living based on a diploma devoid of scholarly achievement." As the various disciplines scramble for their own survival in this context, there is no unifying thought, no positive vision of a liberal education to offer today's entering student, so that he or she may deeply examine the whole world of their alternatives as human beings, not merely those current in their own time or provided by careers.

Professor Bloom says this entering student asks, in effect, "I am a whole human being. Help me to form myself in my wholeness and let me develop my real potential." But all too

often he finds departments that compete with and contradict each other, as teachers focus on their own specialties for their own professional advancement. So, finding nothing unified in the universities to address important questions of common concern fundamental to a serious liberal education, the student pushes on through the requirements and some pleasant electives to finish the degree and get to the "real" business of life in his culture, that of "making a living."

The student loses then the last precious years of his life to seriously explore "living," a much wider and deeper concept than "making a living." So our universities are failing, in Professor Bloom's view, in their time honored and most essential mission. Since universities most essentially preserve civilization at its best, this is indeed a crisis of our civilization.

As he concludes his subdivision on liberal education in his chapter "The Student and the University," he says, in summary:

> To repeat, the crisis of our liberal education is a reflection of a crisis at the peaks of learning, an incoherence and incompatibility among the first principles with which we interpret the world, an intellectual crisis of the greatest magnitude, which constitutes the crisis of our civilization. But perhaps it would be true to say that the crisis consists not so much in this incoherence but in our incapacity to discuss or even recognize it. Liberal education flourished when it prepared the way for the discussion of a unified view of nature and man's place in it, which the best minds debated on the highest level. It decayed when what lay beyond it were only specialities, the premises of which do not lead to any such vision. The highest is the partial intellect; there is no synopsis.

To regain its proper role, in a reversal of the book's title, Professor Bloom challenges the university to open its mind and America's to a renewed and unified critical inquiry into the truth and beauty inherent in the great books of Western tradition, through a genuine community of dialogue as exemplified in Plato's *Republic*.

Overall, this is a serious and demanding book that is very penetrating and arresting in its examination of American social problems and their relation to failures in higher education. Its surprising sales suggests, paradoxically, both a real concern for his thesis, and, a certain refutation—that perhaps America's mind is more open than Professor Bloom assumes. But this in

turn assumes that the book's purchase is not simply a fashionable response to current higher education bashing and that the book is carefully read after its purchase! This must include the longish middle section on a history of philosophy, especially German philosophy, to whit: "For better or for worse, German ideas were where it was at—and where it still is—whether it be the ideas of Marx, Freud, Weber or Heidegger." (The Sixties, p. 323)

In this vein, what is too often distracting in this work are Professor Bloom's nakedly opinionated prejudices on a variety of subjects, from rock music to the Peace Corps. Rock music corruption has resulted in "nothing less than parents' loss of control over their children's moral education at a time when no one else is seriously concerned with it." (Music, p. 76) The Peace Corps is "not learning from others, but condescension and a disguised form of a new imperialism. It is Peace Corps mentality, which is not a spur to learning, but to a secularized version of doing good works." (Our Virtue, p. 34) Surely rock music and parental control and the Peace Corps and learning are not this mutually exclusive. Lacking hard evidence, this kind of correlation can only be measured by the writer's prejudice as a random individual observer of the social scene.

Professor Bloom does best in this book when he speaks with the authority of an experienced and talented teacher-scholar on the deficiencies he has trenchently observed at first hand and exposes with caustic conviction. But when he speaks of "such contemptible persons as Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon" (The Sixties, p. 331) his style degenerates into mere name calling and also lacks the "concern and compassion" he elsewhere advocates for appreciation of the "whole person." Can't he at least find room to say of them, as he did of Coriolanus two pages earlier, "he was not an entirely unadmirable man."

He rightly castigates Father Daniel Berrigan at the student rebellions at Cornell in the 1960s (Bloom was on the faculty there at the time) for so outlandishly comparing the "old lady secretaries of draft boards as the equivalent of the Beast of Belsen," but forgets that his own comparison of this student episode at Cornell with the Nazi takeover of the German universities is equally far-fetched, when that takeover represented the full power of Hitler's Third Reich.

Professor Bloom's injunction that teachers of the great books should direct students "to see the world as Homer and Shakespeare did" instead of telling them as teachers do today,

"Homer and Shakespeare had some of the same concerns you do and can enrich your vision of the world" is confusing in its pedagogical distinction. The poet Archibald MacLeish, writing in the December 9, 1961, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* while he was on the Harvard faculty, put the matter much more succinctly:

> I think teaching the great books means always standing with a foot in the text and a foot in the world, and that what it undertakes to teach is neither the one nor the other but the relation between them. The greatest poem, removed from the ground of our being, is an irrelevance. The ground of our being without the poem is a desert. Great books teaching, I think, is the teaching which attempts to minister between.

What of Professor Bloom's assertions as applied to American community colleges? As he says in his preface, his student sample for this study "consists of thousands of students of comparatively high intelligence, materially and spiritually free to do pretty much what they want with the few years of college they are privileged to have—in short, the kind of young persons who populate the twenty or thirty best universities."

This is not at all a profile of the vast majority of community college students, who comprise a sizeable proportion of American college students. Most of these must pursue an education at widely varying ages. Through sacrifice and commitment to a formal education they otherwise would not have, they probably possess a seriousness and maturity apparently not observed by Professor Bloom in his students. They represent a part of American culture and higher education that his book does not really address. And we in Hawaii would find his regret that there are no longer any "real Harvard or Yale men" a sentimental whimsey for an Ivy League era of the past.

Professor Bloom is overall most telling in his critique of contemporary relativism and its lack of standards—("Lifestyle" justifies any style as equal with any other). And his book is of great value in projecting positively and forcefully the vital connection between education and culture, though unfortunately his view is limited to Western tradition and culture in education. This limitation gives an otherwise broad and comprehensive work an oddly parochial and dated quality for a contemporary analysis. Professor Bloom needs to open his own mind to the riches of the non-Western world, so vital for education toward the 21st century.

Waihang Lai, *whose pen and ink drawings appear on pages 1 and 66, has been teaching art at Kauai Community College since 1970. He specializes in watercolor and oriental brush painting. An active member of the American Watercolor Society, he also serves as the president of the Kauai Watercolor Society and Kauai Oriental Art Society. His paintings have been exhibited in the Orient and in may national and regional shows in the United States. He is included in* Who's Who in American Art.

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Pleiades The Journal of the University of Hawai'i Community Colleges is a journal written by and for the faculty and staff employees of Hawaii's community colleges. It is intended to appear annually with publication scheduled for February.

Deadline for manuscripts and artwork is September 1 of the previous year. The editorial board responds by December 1. There is no compensation for articles.

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